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DECEMBER 29, 1941

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HEAR MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S.,

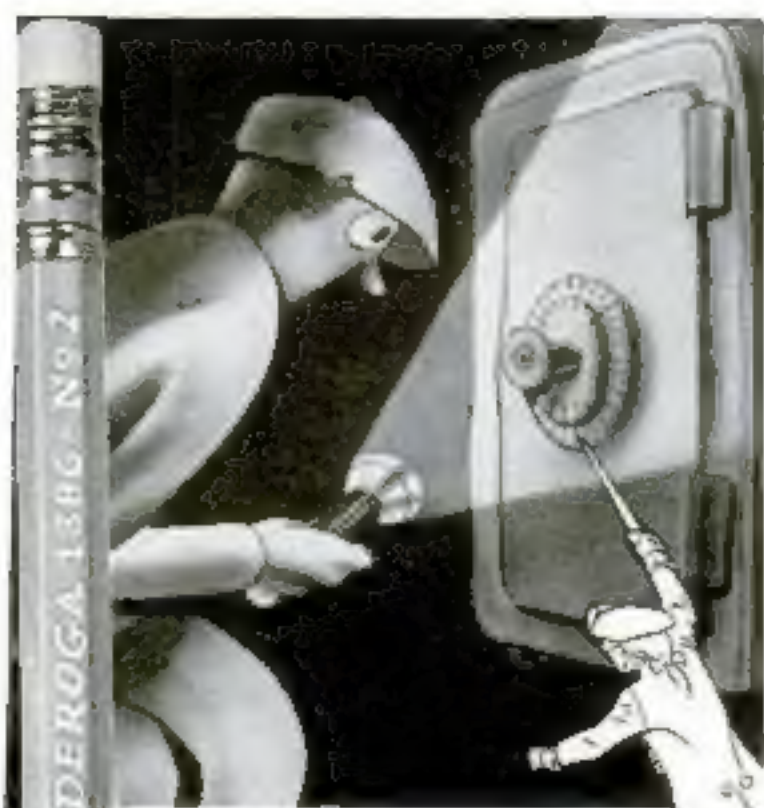
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This One



BPJK-AOL-E3YZ



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Time Thief were
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MARK

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MacArthur

Sirs:

Having served in the 42nd Rainbow under then Brigadier General Douglas MacArthur, I can join with President Roosevelt in his statement quoted by Miss Booth (Life, Dec. 8). "If we ever have another A. E. F. he is the man to take it over."

You might be interested in the men who came from the 42nd Rainbow Division: Colonel William J. Donovan; Father Duffy; General Charles P. Summerall; General Frank McCoy; General John L. De Witt; General Blanton Winship, Judge Advocate of the Army; General Henry J. Reilly, author of *America's Part*; Colonel George Leach, mayor of Minneapolis; General Benson Hough, commander of the Guard of Ohio; General Mat Tinley, commander of the Guard of Iowa; Colonel Bill Screws, commander of the Alabama Regiment; Colonel Noble Judah, at one time Ambassador to Cuba; and the late G. M. P. Murphy, head of the company that bore his name.

America has always managed to produce a real army and developed the men to lead it.

W. E. TALBOT

Brownsville, Texas

Correction

Sirs:

Robert R. Niedzwiecki, 22, reported by War Department killed in Sunday air raid at Hickam Field, Hawaii, and so listed by LIFE (Dec. 22), was scri-



PRIVATE R. NIEDZWIECKI

ously wounded but not killed. The boy's father, Peter P. Niedzwiecki, was notified of correction by War Department.

AUREY STROHPAUL

● LIFE is happy to record a correction of its casualty list—ED.

Survivor

Sirs:

Correction on your statement that there were no survivors at Custer's Last Stand (LIFE, Dec. 8). Here is a survivor, Comanche, the mount of Captain Keogh, who was discovered wounded on the battlefield.

Upon the death of Comanche in 1891, the remains were presented to Professor Lewis Lindsay Dyche, expert taxidermist at University of Kansas, who set him up in lifelike shape in the Dyche Museum where he now and for future



SURVIVOR COMANCHE

generations represents the trials and vicissitudes of his old regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, during the stormy period in which he played an honorable part.

K. W. DAVIDSON

University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kan.

Warning

Sirs:

Enclosed is a letter from a little 13-year-old pupil of mine who, to her sorrow, had to return to her home in Japan. She died of pneumonia early this year and, since no harm can come to her now, I feel free to release it for publication. Because she loved America so deeply, it is fortunate she did not live to see her warning come true.

EPPIE A. SELVIG

Enderlin High School
Enderlin, N. Dak.

Dear Miss Selvig:

America, be on the wake! I am very alarmed of America's safety. Preserve, save and do not waste products. Do not use so much coal, iron and such things. You will need them later. Forest products in America are scarce so you must save, plant and take care of young trees. Save on coal and oil. Take good care of clothes and do not be extravagant. Run and play and build up a strong body.

Are America's boys willing to die for their country? Will they keep true to their own dear country? Do they keep their faith in their own country? Over here the soldiers are glad to give their life for their country. Ask the boys and if they say "No," teach them that if they are not willing to give their lives for their country, the country will be in ruins in 100 years or so. If this doesn't reach you it may be taken by censors and I shall be imprisoned or something but that is nothing to what might happen to the U. S. A. I would gladly give my life to America.

Your sincere pupil,
MISAO MITSUYA

Akan, Japan
Jan. 1, 1941

Granman

Sirs:

Under the caption "Going to Gulana" (LIFE, Dec. 8), you stated that Ah Tuden Du rules the 16,000 Bush Negroes of the colony. This is not the case.



SURINAM GRANMAN

There are six Bush Negro tribes, each ruled by its own king, or Granman as he is known among the natives. Here is a picture of the Granman of the Aucaner tribe, a branch of which lives around the bauxite mines. His name is Mateja.

The present-day Bush Negro is a

proud and hardy individual feeling no deference whatsoever toward the white man. He vividly remembers his defeat of the white armies in the old rebel days. As all of the main river highways into the interior are controlled by these people, I sincerely hope our troops will take this into consideration.

MORTON C. KAHN

Cornell University Medical College
New York, N. Y.

Guerrillas

Sirs:

The article, "Invisible War" in Yugoslavia, by Harry Zinder and George Maranz (LIFE, Nov. 24) is a swell piece of reportage but contains an error of concept as to the methods and purposes of guerrilla warfare. The authors state: "In guerrilla war single units operate independently without communication with each other."

The Spanish guerrillas and the Chinese were the schools for today's new type of war. I can document my statements by two years' service in the XIV (Guerrilla) Corps of the Republican Army of Spain. I saw evolve from these peoples' bands in the hills a well-functioning co-ordinated arm of the Regular Army subject fully to the discipline and orders of the High Command.

The British commandos have used the tactic that my unit, which worked along the Mediterranean coast in Malaga and Granada, developed with the use of speed boats, portable radios, small groups, army co-operation, etc. In one operation we were able to free 300 prisoners from a fort about five miles behind the enemy lines with a force of 30 men, including myself and another American, Irving Goff. The organization we helped perfect still exists there, and can help any allied invasion of that very same coast.

PVT. WILLIAM AALTO
ex-Captain, XIV Guerrilla Corps
Spanish Republican Army, 1937-39
Fort Knox, Ky.

Cowboy

Sirs:

In Pictures to the Editors (LIFE, Dec. 1) is shown one Bill Williams as the best-dressed cowboy in the West.

How the well-dressed drugstore cowboy looks is demonstrated by the same



MOVIE & DRUGSTORE COWBOY

Bill Williams (real name: Harry Clark Williams) in the picture herewith, as he appeared in front of a local drugstore where he was employed in June, 1940.

J. CURTISS ADAMS

Austin, Texas

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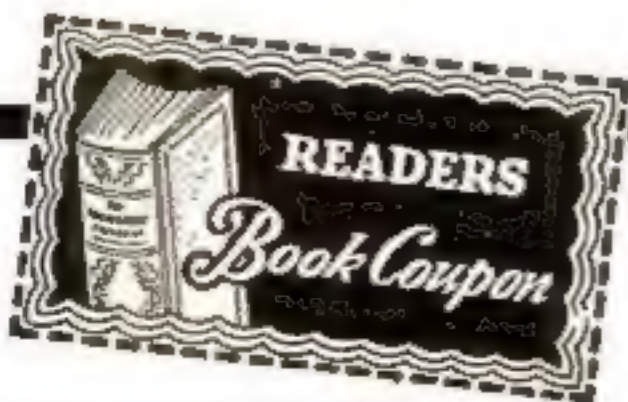
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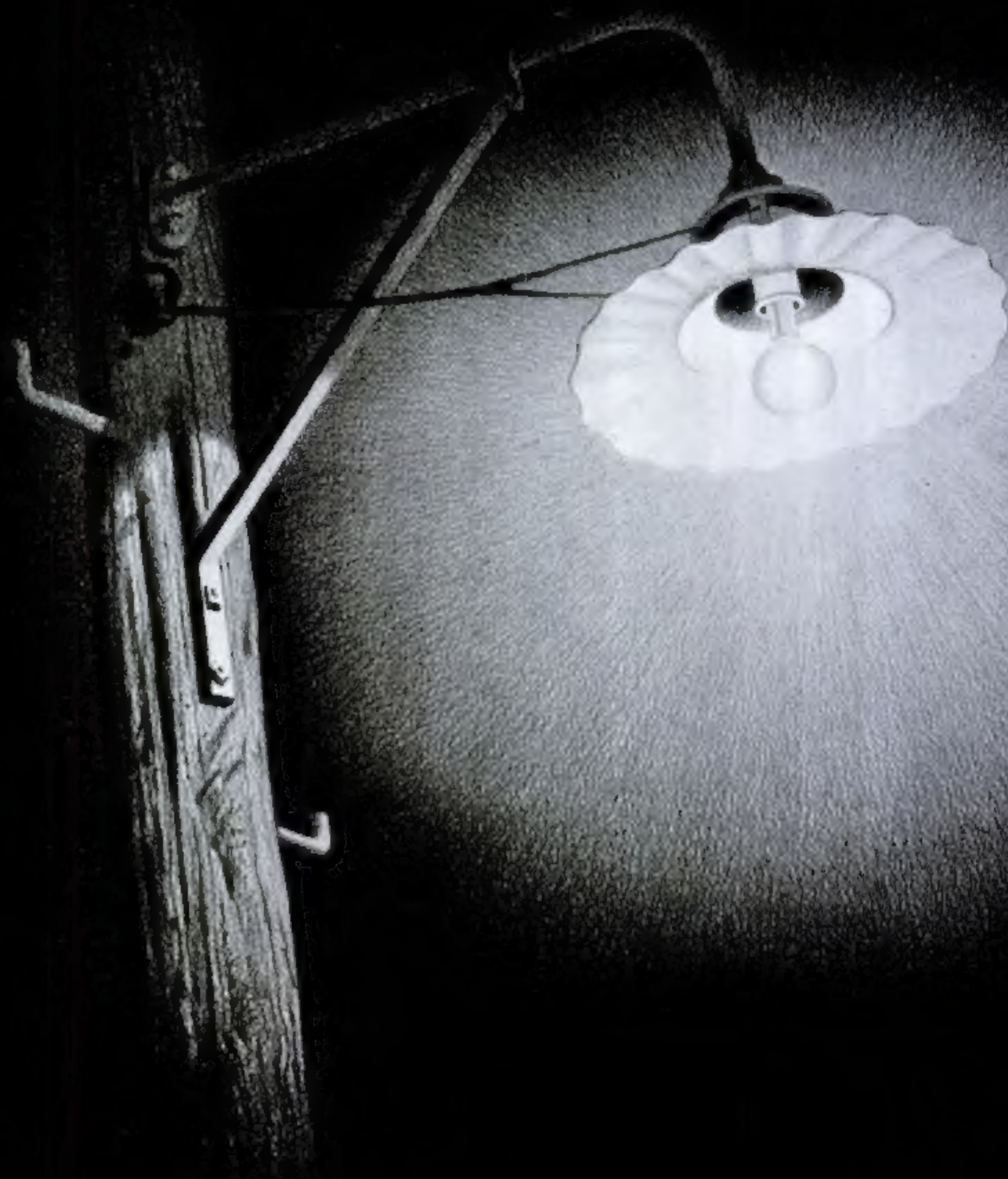
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STATUE OF



United

LIBERTY

LAST NIGHT, when you put out the light and went to bed, and all along your street the lights of your friends and neighbors winked quietly out and the soft-breathing darkness closed down except around the lonely sentinels of the street lights . . . you slept.

And if you waked to listen to the soft night sounds and smell the fresh night scents, you heard the Williams girl next door call a clear and muted good night, and a moment later the crunch of Johnny Brady's tires as he let off his brake and rolled down the gravel to the street. And in the next room you heard the peaceful, sleepy mutter of your children, the rustle of their sheets as they moved in dream play; and the breeze that stirred your curtains patterned your walls with shadows of familiar trees.

Everyman's statue of liberty is the lamp that shines on his own street corner. Bright sentry in the no-man's land of night, it tells that all is still well with America. That no alien hand has pulled the switch that blacks out first the light of freedom and then the light of life.

Here, in *our* country, *our* town, *our* house, the coming on of night is not yet a prelude to the snuffing out of life. *Our* children are still free to sleep and wake and play. And we shall know that they are free not only by the flame that burns from the torch of liberty, but by the undimmed brightness, in ten million streets, of the lights!

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... THIS IS HOW WE WENT TO WAR THE LAST TIME

These clothes look quaintly funny. The ladies' make-up is crude. The automobiles are museum pieces. But take the trappings away from these 1917 pictures and you can get a good idea of what the country will look like from now on.

The last war did not come with the shock of lightning attack. Wilson had severed diplomatic relations with Germany in February and everybody knew that

it was only a matter of time and formal procedure—procedure which is neglected today—before the U. S. was in the war. Once it came, everybody wanted to do something but didn't know what. Someone even proposed formation of a "What Can I Do? League" to straighten things out. After a while there was plenty to do—roll bandages, buy bonds, save peach pits, think up names like Liberty Pups for dachshunds, save

food for Herbert Hoover, submit to Porkless Thursdays, Wheatless Mondays. The old *Life* managed to sum it all up in this masterpiece of poetic brevity:

*A Book of Thrift Stamps underneath a bough
A loaf of Victory Bread, some coffee, sugarless,
and thou
Beside me knitting in the wilderness
Ah, wilderness were Hooverized enow!*



Shaming slackers was a favorite pastime. A patriot named Roger Pierrot dressed up in khaki on one side and in a fop's clothes on the other, proclaimed: "Don't be half a man."



Mrs. Quinn and Mrs. Rosenberg of Great Neck, L. I. and North Bergen, N. J. each had six sons in service and were paraded together through New York as an example to citizens.



Mary Pickford was an indefatigable bond saleslady. In French-heeled shoes, broad-brimmed hat, she shouted slogans through megaphone at Wall Street lunch-hour crowds.

BEING NICE TO SOLDIER BOYS WAS PART OF EVERY GIRL'S SOCIAL DUTIES. THIS BIG YMCA DANCE IN NEW YORK CITY WAS 1917 EQUIVALENT OF TODAY'S U.S.O.





Soldier girls joined groups, wore uniforms. In Lowell, Mass., Agnes Kelly, Marie Provencher, Blanche Chagnon, Nina Hasington and Mary Tulley formed what the photographer captioned "a sort of battalion of death." A girl who married forfeited her right to belong.



Farmerettes suddenly bloomed all over the country, worked earnestly at growing food. This quintet of patriotic students at Vassar College gave up their 1917 vacation, spent all summer weeding, hoeing and harvesting on Vassar's big 740-acre farm near Poughkeepsie.



Hanging the Kaiser was commonplace occurrence whenever Liberty Bond drives were being pushed. Next to Kaiser, favorite effigy was the Crown Prince who here hangs from Woolworth Building alongside his father. People hated Kaiser but had only contempt for Crown Prince.

FIRST SOLDIERS OFF TO THE WAR WERE THOSE OF FIRST DIVISION, HERE PARADING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE. ARMY DIVISIONS THEN WERE HORSE-DRAWN, NOT MECHANIZED



If It's Kissin' You're Missin'



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LOVE COLGATE'S
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CLEANS
YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS
YOUR TEETH



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



The battle of production was just as important in 1917 as it is today. Symbol of industry's stupendous effort was Hog Island shipyard near Philadelphia. Here 90,000 men worked at 50 shipways but first freighter wasn't delivered until after Armistice.



World's largest airplane plant was built at North Elmwood, Buffalo, for Curtiss. It covered 72 acres, was finished in three months, produced mostly Curtiss "Jenny" trainers. Picture looks exactly like dozens of construction shots being published today.



Mass production of planes was achieved by Dayton Wright Airplane Co. in Dayton, Ohio. Here is a week's wingless output of DeHavilland-4's, daytime bombers which did well in France, lined up on a field before being crated and shipped to the front.

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Because traditional anonymity masks the identity of whatever U. S. Army Signal Corps enlisted men took the Honolulu bombing pictures on pages 11-15, LIFE's photographer-of-the-week portrait this week is the Signal Corps emblem. Exciting war pictures are no novelty to the Corps. It owns the famous Brady Civil War files. Its cameras accurately covered the Spanish-American War, World War I, the U. S. S. Kearny damage (LIFE, Nov. 10), the Dutch Guiana occupation.

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A BEDTIME STORY EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO BE TOLD



Actor Fredric March is whispering sweet nothings into Loretta Young's pearly ear.



Loretta Young's eyes start it, by telling a love story too exciting for words.

Bob Benchley tells it with laughs and howls... with time out for roars and screams.



Bedtime can be bedlam time...and it's bedlam with a vengeance, when a hundred uninvited guests come barging in on your honeymoon night...and turn it into a nightmare.



FREDRIC MARCH *TELLS* LORETTA YOUNG

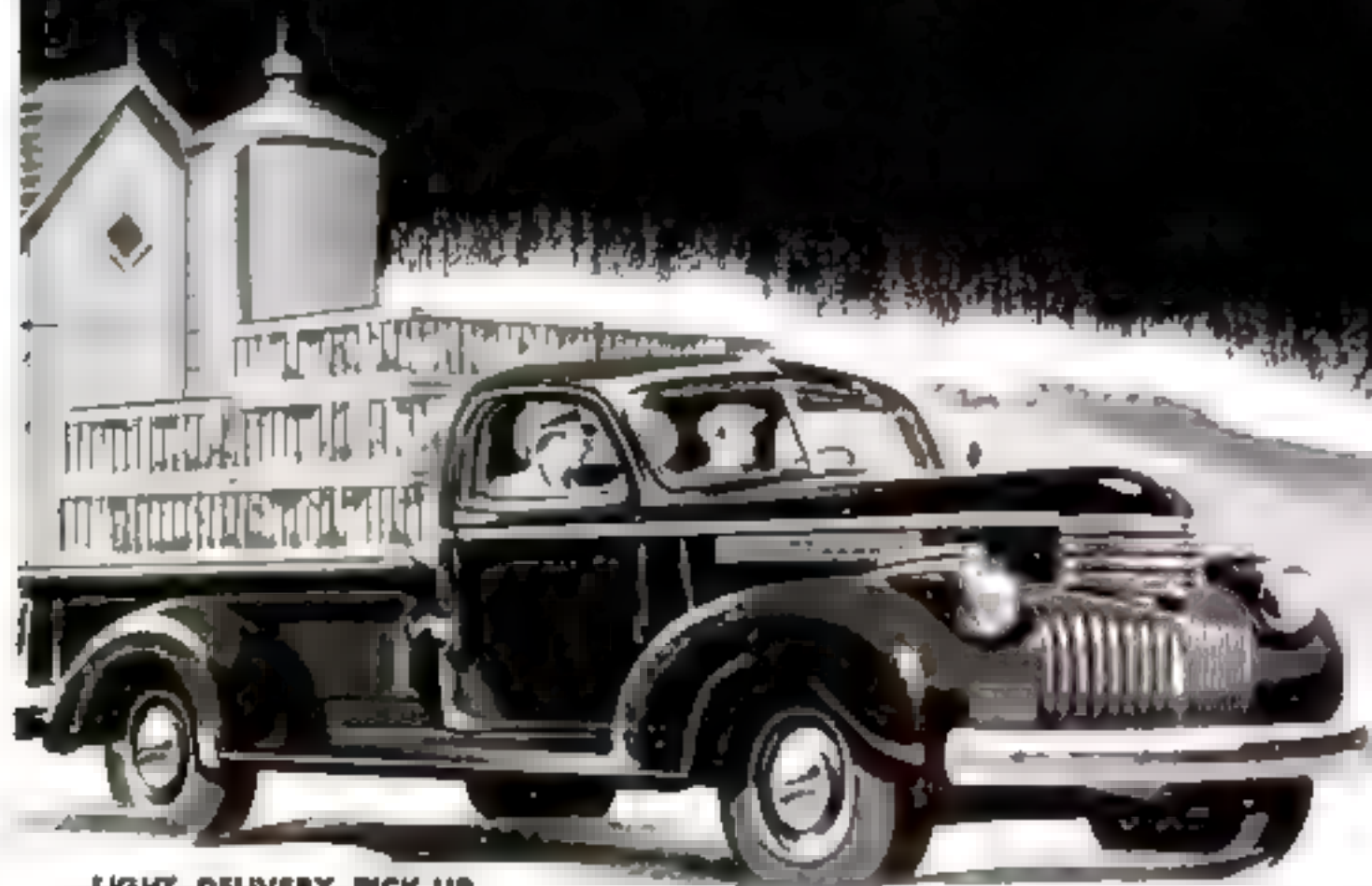
A Bedtime Story

with ROBERT BENCHLEY • Allyn Joslyn • Eva Arden • Helen Westley

Screen play by Richard Flournoy • Story by Horace Jackson and Grant Garrett

Produced by G. P. SCHUBERT • Directed by ALEXANDER HALL • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

★ ★ ★ Farms and ★ ★ ★ Business Alike Depend On **CHEVROLET TRUCKS** In Our Total Defense Effort



LIGHT DELIVERY PICK-UP



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They're powerful trucks — economical trucks — dependable trucks — fully capable of hauling America's needs

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Trucks play a vital part
in national transportation,
and approximately
one out of every three
trucks now in use is a

CHEVROLET

All Chevrolet trucks, in
all capacities, are
"Geared to Haulage Leader-
ship" for the service of
America

haulage equal . . . and because they're dependable to the maximum degree, as their record A.A.A. tests clearly prove.

That's why you'll find that Chevrolet trucks, in all weight capacities, are the prime favorites on farm after farm, in industry after industry, on job after job. That's why shrewd, practical truck operators, who value both time and money, buy more Chevrolet trucks than any other make, year after year. That's why approximately *one third* of all the trucks in use today are Chevrolet trucks.

Telephone or visit your Chevrolet dealer for the right truck for your job, and haul your loads with Chevrolets—the "Thrift-Carriers for the Nation!"

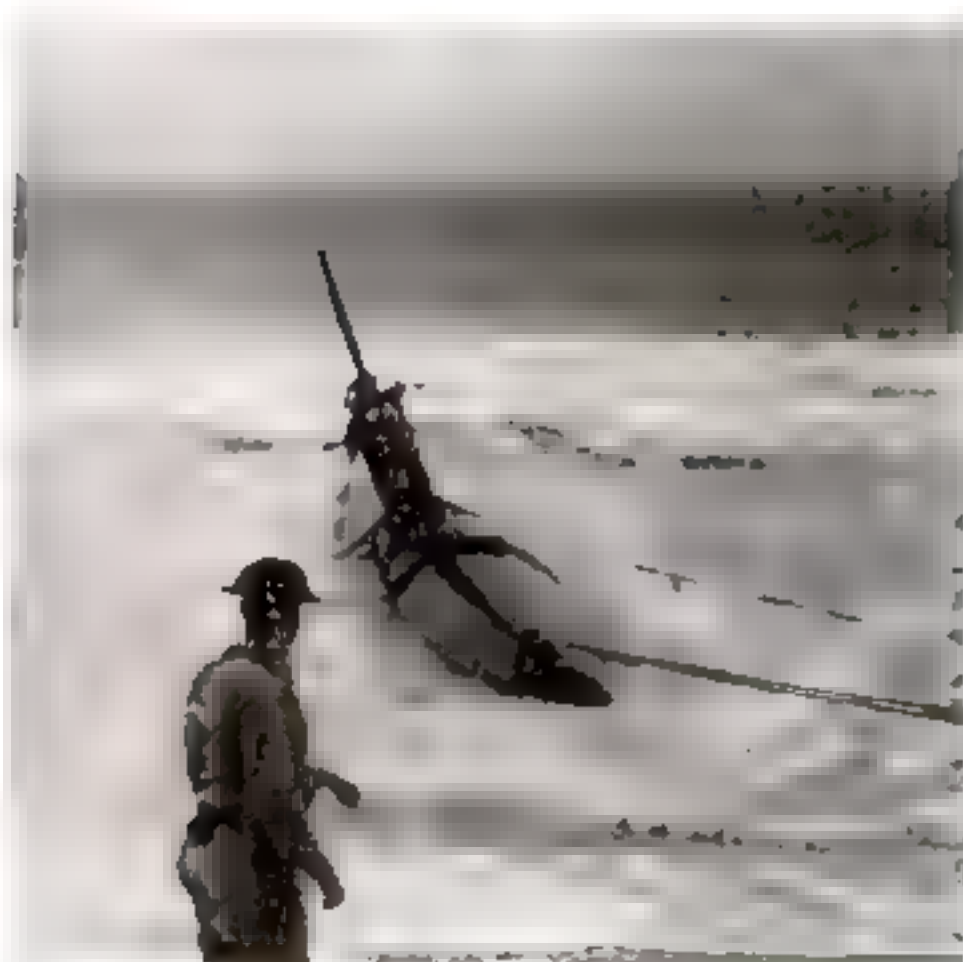
CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



A PILLAR OF SMOKE FROM THE BURNING BATTLESHIP "ARIZONA" DRIFTS FROM PEARL HARBOR ACROSS THE DESOLATED HANGARS AND RUNWAYS OF ARMY'S HICKAM FIELD

ATTACK ON HAWAII

FIRST PICTURES OF JAP ONSLAUGHT SHOW DEATH & DESTRUCTION AT AMERICAN BASE



Two-man submarine used by Japanese at Pearl Harbor is beached on north shore of Oahu. Tokyo admitted loss of five.

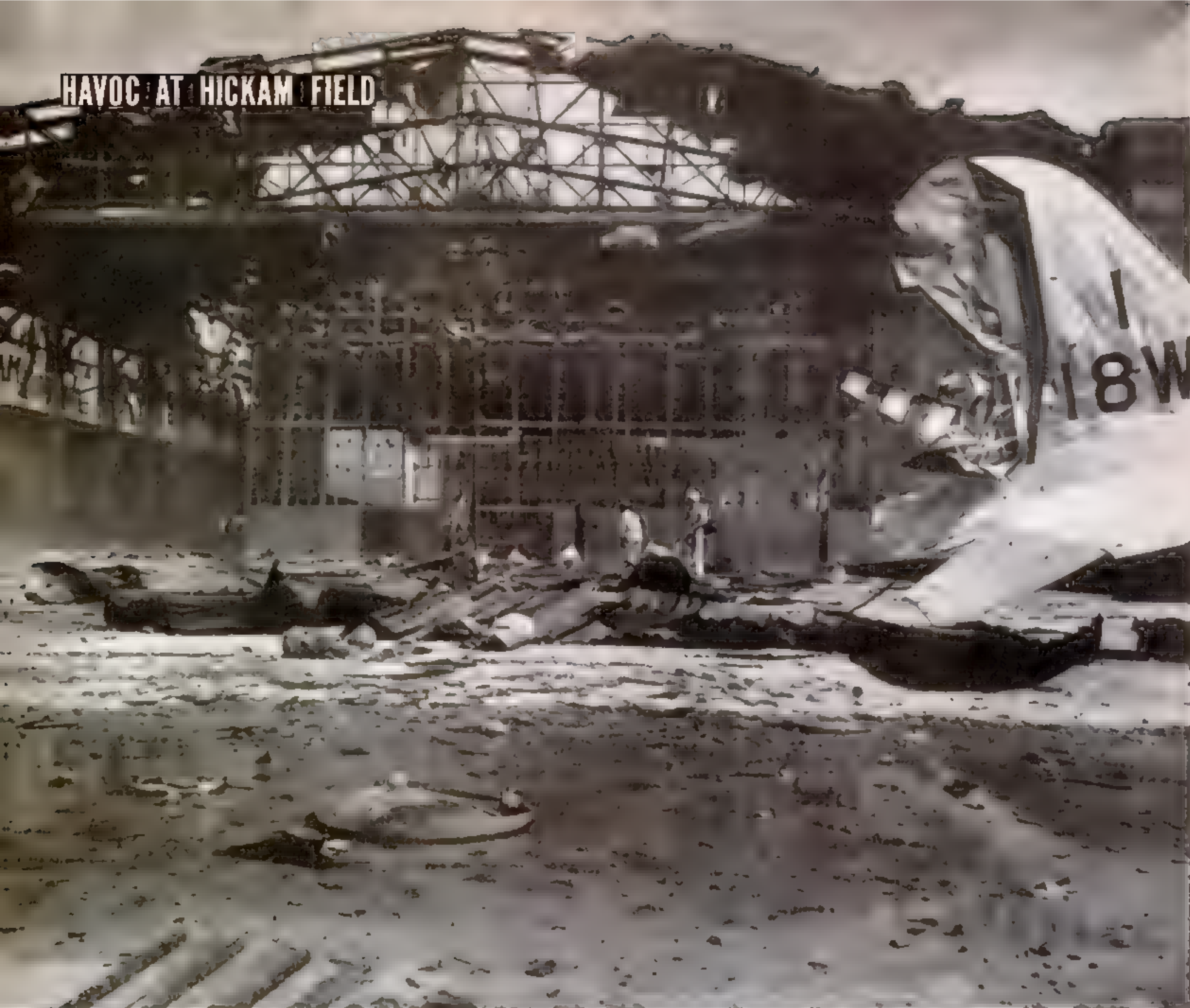
For two years Americans have viewed the twisted war wreckage and the blasted bodies of Britons, Germans, Finns, Russians and Chinese. On these pages Americans may now behold the smoke towers mounting from their own shattered ships and perished planes. Now for the first time they may look on the bodies of their own war dead. The image of war is variable and multiform. It wears the features of all nations and races on earth. But only when a people meets war in its own national likeness are war's terrors and exigencies brought totally to mind.

America's war began on Dec. 7 with a tragedy so profound that not for eight days did its dimensions become clear to the people of the U. S. Then, on Dec. 15, Navy Secretary Frank Knox told the nation finally of all the ships lost, the indelible gallantry of Pearl Harbor's defenders and the fearful toll of lives (see pp. 28-29). Though his narrative was both disquieting and vivid, it fell to the lot of six anonymous Army Signal Corps photographers and a few newsreel cameramen fully to impress on Americans the furious

smoky pattern of America's first battle and its aftermath. At Hickam Field, at Pearl Harbor and in the bomb-pocked streets of Honolulu they moved through a perilous tumult of splattering splinters and gunfire photographing the wrecked planes, the gutted hangars, the doomed ships, the flames, the wounded and the dead.

The films they took reached the U. S. aboard the plane that returned Mr. Knox to the mainland from Oahu. After 24 hours of careful scrutiny the War Department released them to the U. S. press. Hence you see here the first pictures of America's war as recorded for Americans by Signal Corps privates and by audacious Pathé Cameraman Len Roos. In weeks to come other photographers may picture auspicious U. S. attacks on enemy strongholds in two hemispheres. But at Pearl Harbor Americans tasted death and destruction and defeat. The Government made no attempt to veil that defeat. These pictures are galling to view, but Americans should contemplate them well. For whoever sees them will remember Pearl Harbor always.

HAVOC AT HICKAM FIELD



A SHATTERED SKELETON IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF HANGAR NO. 11 AT THE ARMY'S HICKAM FIELD. LITTERING THE FOREGROUND ARE SECTIONS OF ROOF, THE WRECKAGE OF A B-18



Flying Fortress, which was forced into a crash landing during the Japanese attack, is here shown being stripped by salvage crews. Engines, guns, aerons, nose and wing tips have already been

removed. The fuselage is good only for scrap. A squadron of these planes arrived from the Philippines during the thick of the fighting. One was shot down but all the rest managed to land safely.



RUINS OF A JAP NAVAL BOMBER SHOT DOWN IN THE DEC. 7 RAID LITTER A HONOLULU LAWN. U. S. FIGHTERS AND GUNNERS BAGGED 41 OF THESE BOMBERS DURING THE ATTACK



A Curtiss P-40, wrecked by Japs before it could take off, awaits scrapppers. Notice right wing tip has been splintered by enemy fragments. Engine assembly and guns have been removed for salvage.



Another P-40, similarly destroyed on ground. Traps on one wing tip, its landing gear buckled and bent. Rope attached to tail was used to tow it from scene of attack. Engine motor will be salvaged.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 13



PEARL HARBOR



The smoke of disaster spreads thick over the strand of Oahu. You are looking west toward Pearl Harbor ten miles away. Its channel to the Pacific runs off to the left. The remote white obelisk at the far left marks Hickam Field. The water towers of the Navy Yard, which came through the attack unscathed. Smoke is from the burning *Arizona*.

THE DOOMED "ARIZONA" BURNS BY THE BATTLESHIP BERTHS NEAR FORD ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HARBOR. AT LEFT IS THE TINY ISLAND OF KUAHUA. IN DISTANCE, TO THE





Japanese dive bombers circle above repair docks of Pearl Harbor amid bursts of anti-aircraft fire. One plane is visible high over smoke pillar from the burning battleship *Arizona*, another under its overhang *below* at right. Happily, the great gantry overhead crane *left* and the floating crane (right center) escaped damage. White buildings *at far right* are the Ford Island hangars.

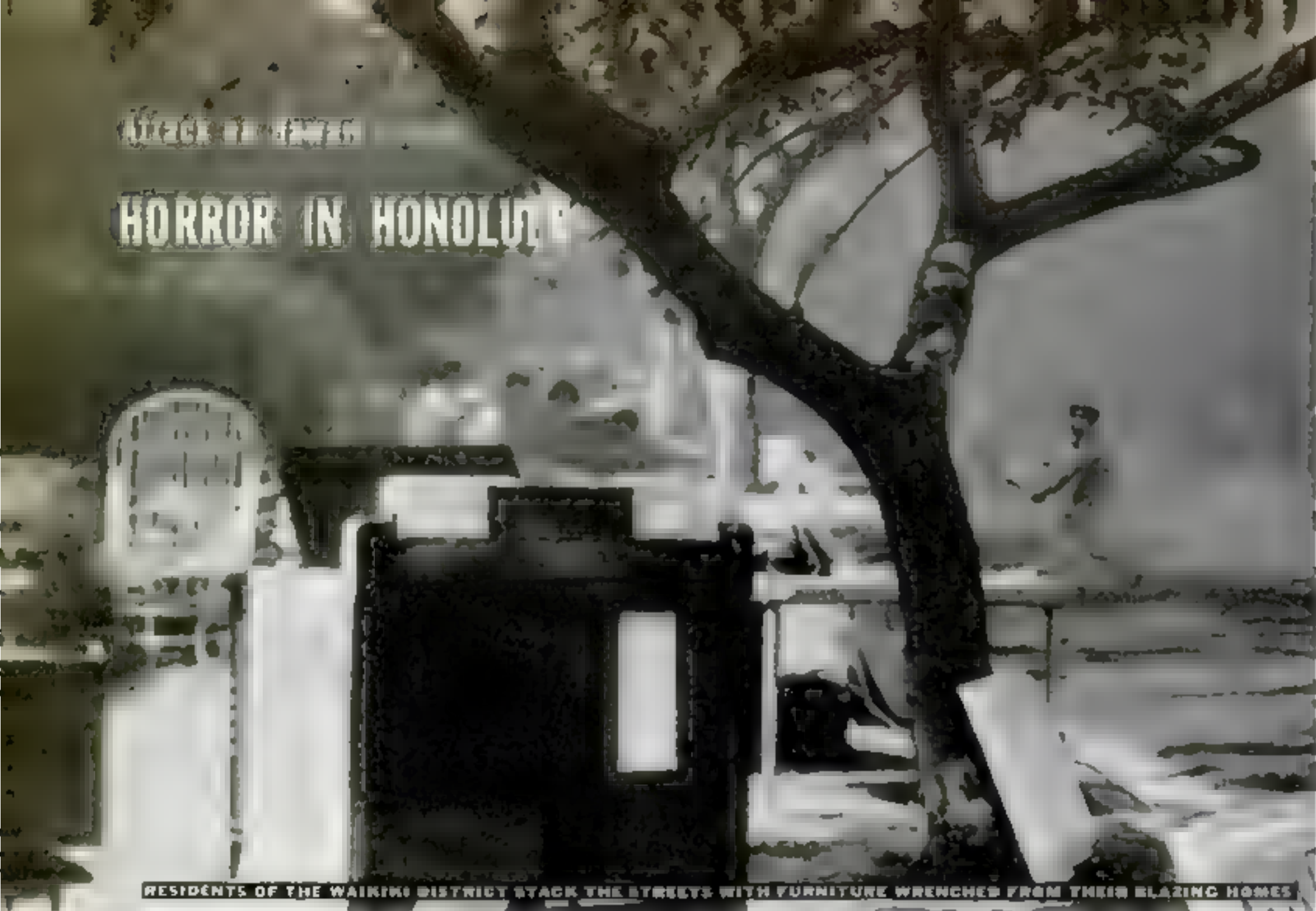
RIGHT OF KUAHUA, HUGE CRANES TOWER OVER FLEET'S MAIN REPAIR DOCKS. CRUISERS AND DESTROYERS ARE ANCHORED AT FAR RIGHT. AUXILIARIES DOT FOREGROUND WATERS



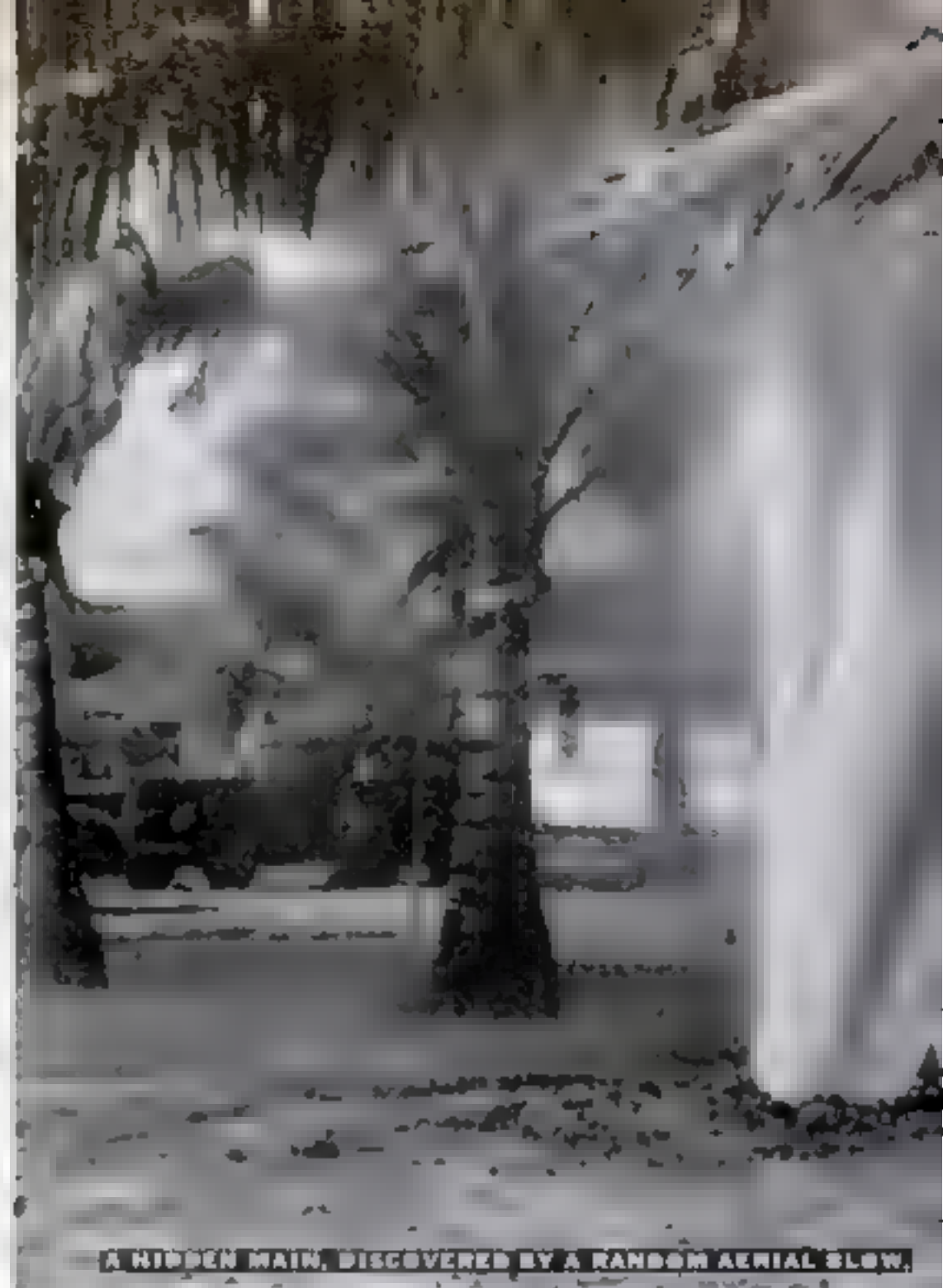
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

DECEMBER 7, 1941

HORROR IN HONOLULU



RESIDENTS OF THE WAIKIKI DISTRICT STACK THE STREETS WITH FURNITURE WRENCHED FROM THEIR BLAZING HOMES



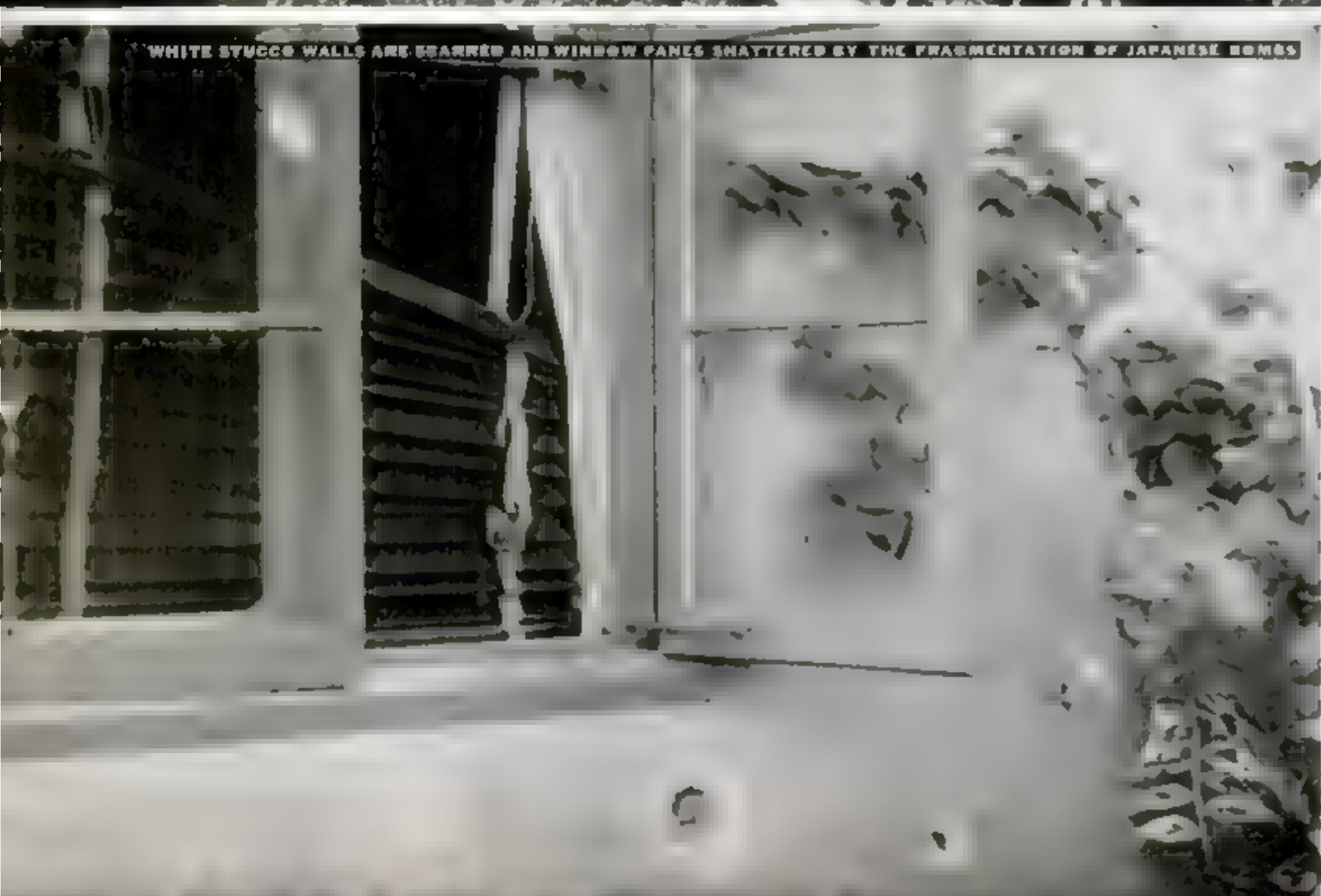
A HIDDEN MAN, DISCOVERED BY A RANDOM AERIAL GLOW



THE SKY DARKENS AS A BRISK WIND WHIPS LITTLE FLAMES ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS OF HONOLULU'S TINDER HOMES



RED CROSS WORKERS CARRY A CASUALTY FROM BURNING



WHITE STUCCO WALLS ARE SCARRED AND WINDOW PANES SHATTERED BY THE FRAGMENTATION OF JAPANESE BOMBS



HAWAIIANS HURRY THEIR BEDDING, BELONGINGS INTO



SPRAYS WAIKIKI PALMS WITH MUCH PRECIOUS WATER



FIRE RAGES AT LUNALILI SCHOOL. NOTE MEN ON ROOF FIGHTING FLAMES. IN FOREGROUND, FIRST-AID EQUIPMENT



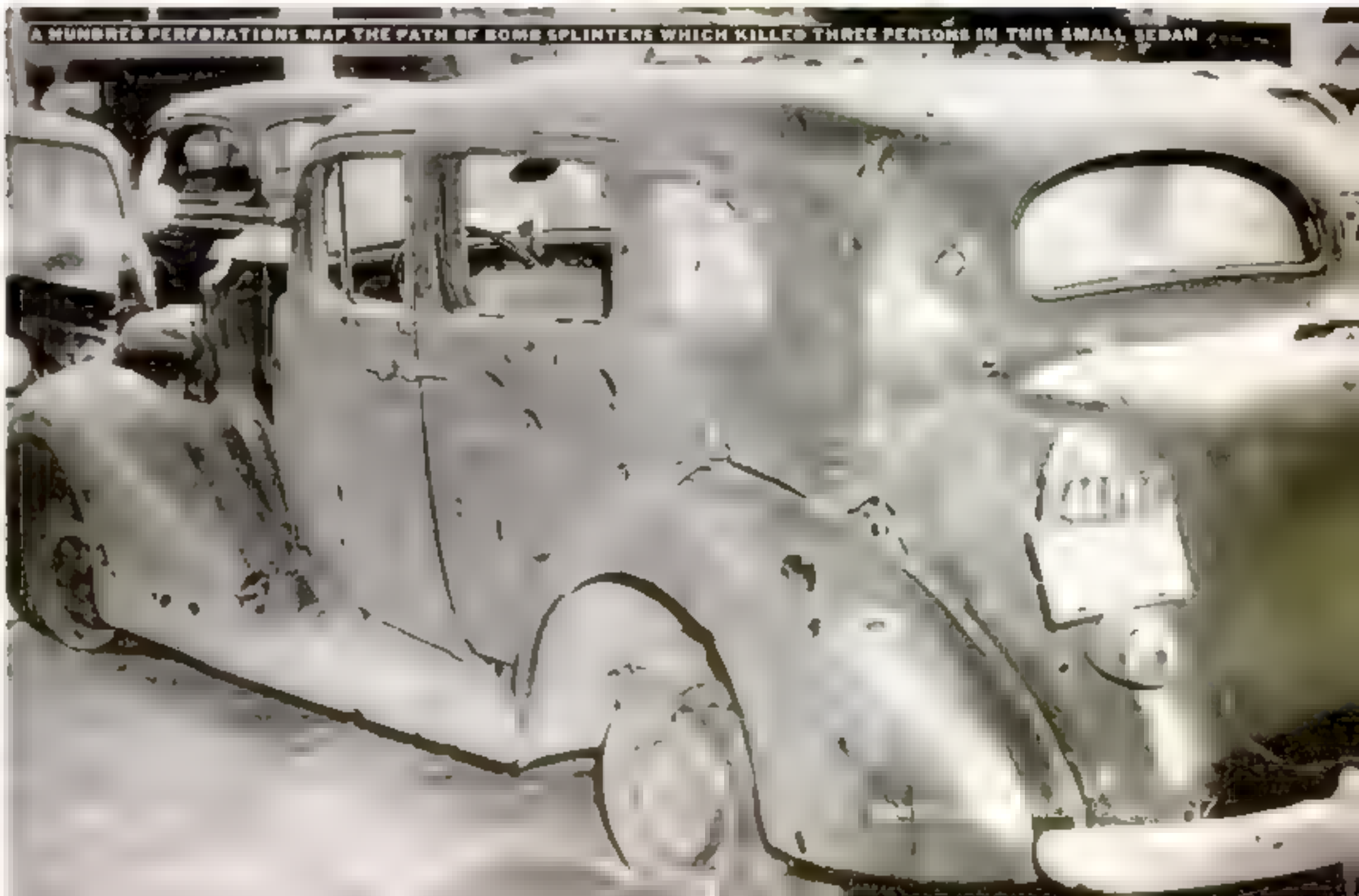
LUNALILI SCHOOL TO A FIRST-AID STATION ON GROUND



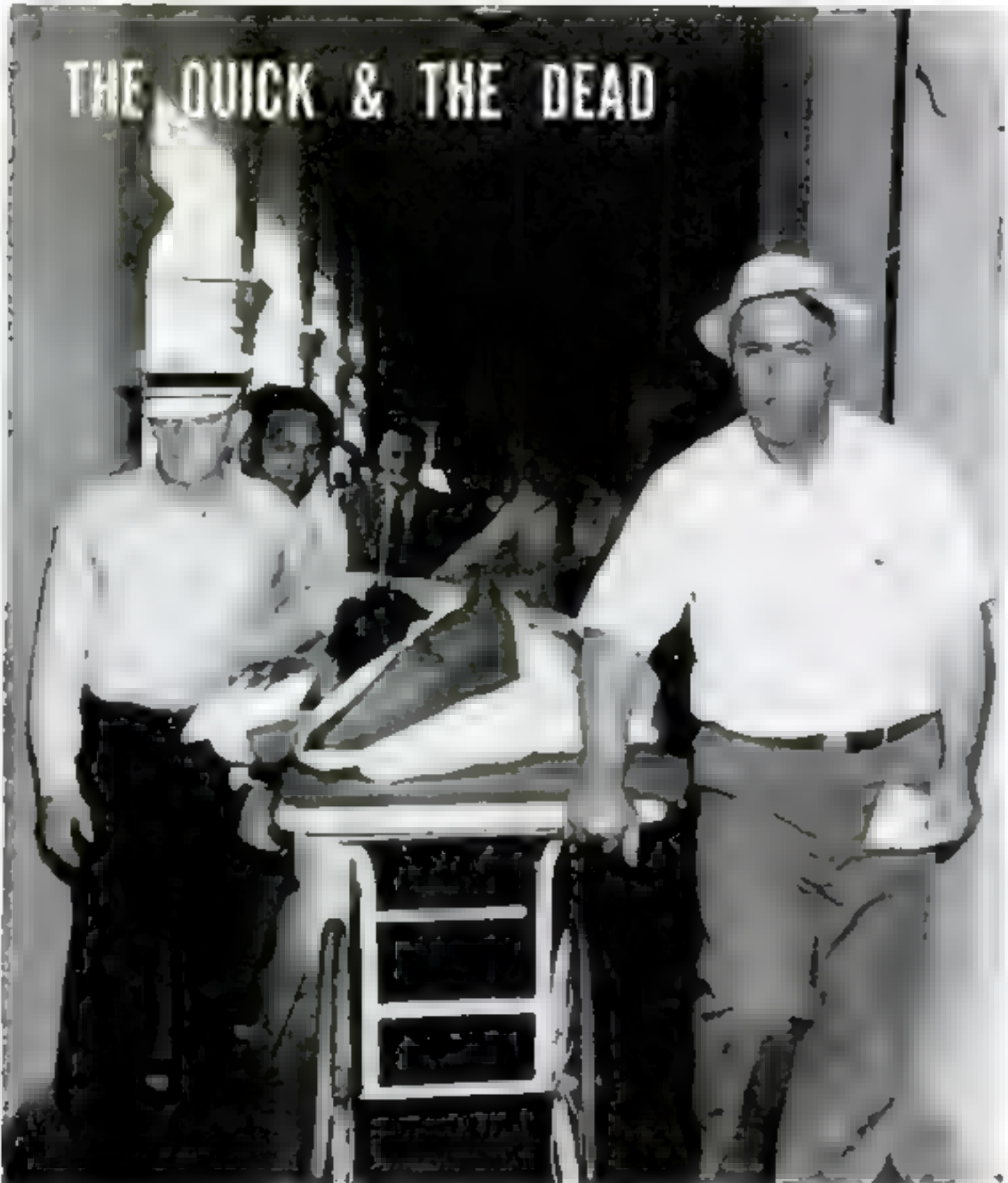
NONCOMBATANT CIVILIAN, WHO HAS ARMED HIMSELF FOR EMERGENCY, SURVEYS FRAGMENT HOLES IN EXTRA PANTS



BUSY STREET WHILE A NATIVE SOLDIER DIRECTS TRAFFIC



A HUNDRED PERFORATIONS MAP THE PATH OF BOMB SPLINTERS WHICH KILLED THREE PERSONS IN THIS SMALL SEDAN



A seriously wounded casualty is wheeled by grim-faced attendants to the operating room of a Honolulu hospital. Nearly 10,000 uninjured civilians donated blood in the first week after raid.



In Queens Hospital an attending surgeon administers aid to a shrapnel victim wounded near Fort Armstrong. The "T" on forehead indicates that he has received an anti-tetanus injection.



Seven corpses—three men, three women and one child—lie sheeted in an emergency morgue. They were the first civilian fatalities of the attack on Hawaii, during which Japanese pilots

digressed from military objectives to machine-gun streets in residential and business districts. Altogether Honolulu had 50 civilian dead. Navy casualties totaled 2,729 killed and 656 wounded.



After the attack: a staff sergeant and his wife find each other alive and unhurt

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

In week of hard fighting Americans hold fast, Japs drive on Singapore, Germans retreat in Russia

The American people got over the first shock of war last week and began to chart their course with wisdom and resolution. They saw the blitz attack on Pearl Harbor in its true perspective as a heavy blow but not an irretrievable disaster. They shook off the first air-raid fright in the realization that raids on U. S. cities are not likely to be very heavy or very frequent. They took heart as American fighting men from Midway Island to Manila began to create a new saga of ability and heroism.



YAMAMOTO

Two facts the U. S. people did well to bear in mind:

1. It is all one war. The German defeats on the Russian front are as much a gain for the U. S. as the defense of the Philippine Islands. The pursuit of General Rommel's tanks is as vital as the sinking of Admiral Yamamoto's ships.

2. Japan is no less real or dastardly an enemy than Germany. Even after the Japanese successes there was some tendency to speak of the "Pacific incidents" and write Japan off as a tool of Hitler. Japan yields to no nation as an aggressor. It was committing aggression against China while Hitler was still a beer-hall orator. The aggressor nations are all equal enemies but, while England and Russia fight Hitler, Japan is America's own particular adversary.

On the Far Eastern front. American forces had a good week. With his splendid army of Americans and Filipinos, General Douglas MacArthur—raised last week to the temporary rank of full general—repulsed new Japanese landings on the Philippines and blasted effectively at the Japanese beach-heads in northern Luzon. The garrison of gallant Marines standing off the attacks on Wake Island, when asked what they needed, flashed back: "Send us more Japs." Guam was lost, but Midway held out. Admiral Hart's submarines sank an enemy transport and probably a destroyer.

From Britain's two island strongholds in the Far East, however, came bad news. Japanese troops landed on the island of Hong Kong and at week's end there was heavy fighting in progress.



MACARTHUR

Far more serious than the loss of Hong Kong was the threat to Singapore. Japanese troops were driving steadily down the jungled Malay Peninsula. By knocking out two British capital ships, they had completely upset plans for the defense of Singapore and it looked as if that pivot point of Anglo-American strategy in the Far East might soon be under direct siege.

Both sides scrambled to grab off strategic points in Polynesia. While the Allies occupied Portuguese Timor over the "objections" of local authorities, Japan made landings on British Borneo and Sarawak.

On the other fronts of World War II. The news was the best ever. The Russian Army had seized the offensive and was pushing the Germans back all along the cold, snowy front. Whether the Germans were pulling out

troops for a drive against the Mediterranean Basin was not known but, if so, they were paying a heavy price. Stalin was reported to have called his top generals to Moscow to talk about launching at once the Russian offensive scheduled for next spring, and the possibility of a Russian drive onto German soil suddenly ceased to be an idle dream. The miserable Germans were fighting not only General Winter but General Louse and General Typhus. The Russians found the report of a German Army medical officer who declared that his battalion was 100% lousy. Lice spread typhus and typhus is already raging among civilians in occupied Poland.



GENERAL LOUSE

In Libya General Rommel's hard-fighting *Afrika Korps* appeared at last to be in full retreat. With the tide of battle running against him on all fronts, Adolf Hitler was reported last week to be in seclusion at Berchtesgaden, under doctor's orders to take a long rest for his frazzled nerves.

Pacific Shake-up. Back from his flying trip to Honolulu, Secretary of the Navy Knox brought a forthright report on losses (see pp. 28-31) and the word: "The Army and Navy were not on the alert." To find out why, the President appointed a five-man board, headed by Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts, which will hold hearings in Honolulu. Meanwhile the ranking officers at Hawaii were relieved of their commands. To replace Admiral Husband E. Kimmel as



NIMITZ

Commander in Chief of the Fleet, the Navy appointed Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, chief of the Navy's Bureau of Navigation. As commander of the Hawaiian Department the Army replaced General Walter C. Short with General Delos C. Emmons, a significant appointment because Emmons is an Air Force man.

President's Week. In a busy week President Roosevelt made a speech on the Bill of Rights, sent Congress a report on Jap treachery, called for an immediate Labor settlement, appointed a Director of Censorship and wrote a letter about a baby. The Censor was Byron Price, executive news editor of the Associated Press. His appointment was generally applauded by the press, which greatly prefers straight censorship of military information to the kind of propaganda and pressure which came from the Creel committee in World War I. The baby was the son of Hero-Pilot Colin P. Kelly Jr., who lost his life in the Philippines. To "The President of the United States in 1936," Mr. Roosevelt wrote a letter commending Colin P. Kelly 3rd, now aged 2, for appointment as a cadet at the U. S. Military Academy.

At the President's urgent appeal, Congress rushed through the new draft bill. Under a compromise by Senate and House the draft ages were fixed at 20 to 44, with all men from 18 to 64 required to register.

As the President of a country at war and leader of the democratic world, Franklin Roosevelt was



KELLY

rapidly taking on a stature which awed even his close associates. Congress passed a bill giving him the same sweeping powers Woodrow Wilson had in 1918. Around the White House the guard was tightened, anti-aircraft guns were set up. In Chicago a young man who booed the President's picture in a newsreel was beaten up by men around him and fined \$200 in court.

On the home front the country dug in for a long period of guns before butter. To conserve the supply of rubber, the Henderson office put an immediate ban on sales of tires, announced rationing of golf and tennis balls, bathing equipment and toy balloons. Since tires have in fact been restricted for more than two weeks, there was no buying rush for them, but stores were quickly cleaned out of golf balls.

Other changes came thick and fast. Weather maps were banned, lest they give information to the enemy. Transport planes were grounded at night west of the Rockies because radio beams are shut off in air raids. Led by Harvard, Yale and Princeton, colleges planned to telescope their courses, rush students through for the draft. Tin Pan Alley songsters cudgeled their brains to rhyme Jap with yap, came up with war songs of the general caliber of one ending: "Goodbye, Mama, I'm off to Yokohama." Barbershops advertised "Japs shaved. Not responsible for accidents."



This is one of the first air-raid shelters under construction in Los Angeles. Displaying the true Southern California genius for dizzy changes, the building company switched overnight from making "The California Cottage" to making "American Bomb Shelters." Cost of the standard model: \$585. As a special promotion appeal the builders brightly point out that if no air raids develop, the shelter can be converted into either of two other California delights: "a swimming pool or a sound-proof rumpus room."

In a week of grim reality, the air-raid dither on both coasts provided the chief light news. San Pedro had a fire-bomb scare which turned out to be a noise box of firecrackers, presumably discarded by some Oriental fearful of being caught with explosives. Young San Franciscans found a marvelous new sport in tossing rocks through lighted windows to enforce the blackout. New York installed some new sirens and set the time for a trial. At the appointed hour New Yorkers cocked ears, heard not a siren's sound over the city's din. San Francisco did better, got hold of eight super-special sirens originally ordered by Thailand (which fell without alarm).

Air raids are an undoubted danger on both coasts and all persons should learn to take simple precautions. But some of the first week's hysteria was already beginning to look silly. If the street and traffic lights were turned out in a total blackout of New York City, it is possible that many more people would be killed by automobiles than would ever be killed by bombs. The materials, labor and energy which might be put into building home shelters wholesale will serve a far better purpose building factories or tanks.



AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

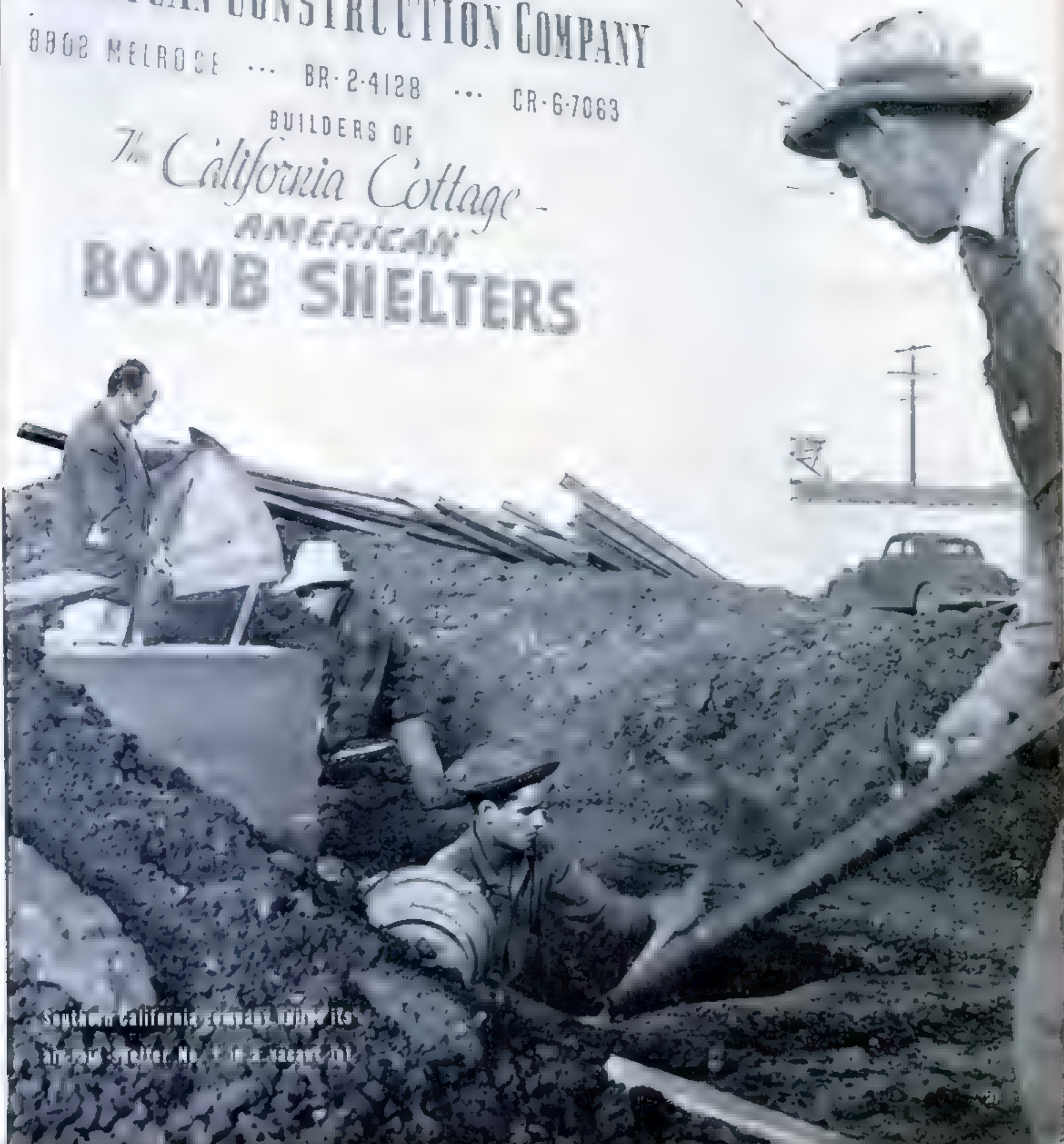
8802 MELROSE ... BR-2-4128 ... CR-6-7063

BUILDERS OF

The California Cottage -

AMERICAN

BOMB SHELTERS



Southern California company builds its
air-raid shelter No. 1 in a vacant lot



TROOPS ON THE MOVE

ARMY ROLLS ACROSS U. S. TO SECRET DESTINATIONS

All across the nation, from coast to coast, from border to border, the U. S. Army is on the move. Trucks ramble along the highways. New beres troop trains chug east and west, carrying trained troops to ports and coastal strongholds, carrying new recruits to training centers, carrying half-trained troops home for Christmas. The facts in motion and their destinations are military secrets, but in a hundred cities and on a thousand sidings, U. S. civilians know that America's expanding Army has





suddenly spring to life. This enormous unheralded military movement began within 48 hours of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

At the inland railroad center shown here, from two to four troop trains halt daily to change engines. As each arrives, volunteer agents of the local Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus or the U. S. O., quickly appear with baskets of books, magazines and jig-saw puzzles which they give away, cartons of cigarettes which they sell at cost. In

the center picture above, a girl volunteer is handing out stamped envelopes. She waits while soldiers scribble quick notes, and posts their correspondence when the train has gone. During these quick station stops, troops may not leave the platform. To stretch their legs they double time up and down the tracks or amble in and out the *center lobby*. As train vanishes into the night the soldiers shout goodby to the girls on the platform. "See you again," they cry. "We'll bring you a necklace of Japs' ears."



NAZI SPIES

THE FBI DID A SUPERB JOB OF SMASHING THIS GANG BEFORE IT COULD DAMAGE U. S. WAR EFFORT

The best time for spies and secret saboteurs to do their dirty work is in the confused first days of a great war. Last week those early days had already passed in the U. S. without a serious blow being struck at an important defense plant or military establishment on the continent. One big reason for this was the astonishing coup of Director J. Edgar Hoover's Federal Bureau of Investigation. Department of Justice, in bagging an entire ring of 93 German spies in America months before war broke out. On Dec. 12, the day after Germany and the U. S. declared war, 14 of the ring were convicted in a Brooklyn Federal Court. Nineteen had already pleaded guilty, giving the G-men a 100% score.

In this case FBI agents took hundreds of candid photographs and 20,000 ft. of movie film of conferences in the spy ring's New York City meeting place. Some of the photographs are published here for the first time. They show how a spy looks and feels when he is telling his secrets to a traitor he trusts. Note how the FBI arranged its spy trap so that a calendar and clock show in most pictures, and a strong light falls on the face of each spy.

The shadowy shoulders in many of the pictures belong to William Sebold, a naturalized and loyal American who risked his life to work with the FBI. Sebold's story is as fantastic as any invention of fiction. He was born in Germany, and worked in the U. S. and South America from 1921 to February 1939, when he returned to Germany to visit with his mother. He was soon involved in a series of mysterious incidents, culminating in the theft of his passport. He was told he could not have it back to leave the country, unless he joined a "society" to send U. S. information to Germany. He agreed, unwillingly, and trained for a month at a big spy school on Klopstockstrasse, Hamburg. Then he was given microfilm messages to three German agents in New York and \$1,000 to build a short wave radio station. He secretly sent word, through a friend, so that G-men met him and guided his movements from February 1940 to June 1941, when the ring was rounded up.

Using the Nazis' \$1,000, the FBI agents built a short wave station on a remote part of Long Island and established contact with station AGR in Hamburg. Pretending to act for Sebold they sent more than 300 harmless, sometimes garbled, messages about U. S. airplanes, ship salvages, military movements during 1940-41. Sebold opened an office on 42nd Street, New York, as a "draftsman." German agents came to him to have their reports turned into microfilm or transmitted by radio to Germany and he gave them money from Hamburg. U. S. agents, working hard on other tasks, telltale pictures as the spies unfolded to Sebold their exploits and their plans. Some told of giving Germany the secrets of famous U. S. bombs, descriptions of the German rifle plants, aircraft and heavy tanks, news of secret dealings with British agents. Others talked greedily of plotting secondary bombings on docks, of throwing British diplomatic couriers off U. S. ships. But they never got a chance to do any of these things. The G-men got them first.



Herman Lang, trusted employee of company that makes U. S. secret bomb sight, went to Germany in 1938, gave information about the sight to German Government, which paid him \$1,000. Suspicious of Sebold at first, he later learned of being a personal pal of Hitler. "I made a mistake, not sharing information with the G-men," he said. Sebold.



Rene Mezenen, Paris-born courier for spy ring, could speed documents between New York and London in 24 hours, across ocean by mail, as well as on Pan American's Atlantic clippers. As a reward for his cooperation, He told Sebold that he had the spy letters sewed into the soles of his shoes. "If they were found, it would take a week or three weeks to repair the shoes," he said.



Max Albrecht Blank worked for Germany Library of Information and foreign book and art store in New York. He told Sebold, "I have been in the espionage business since 1930, but I had lost interest in recent years because payments from Germany had fallen off. He said he knew a friend in a spy ring who could supply some information" for \$200.



J. EDGAR HOOVER OF FBI DIRECTED BIGGEST SPY ROUNDUP IN U. S. HISTORY



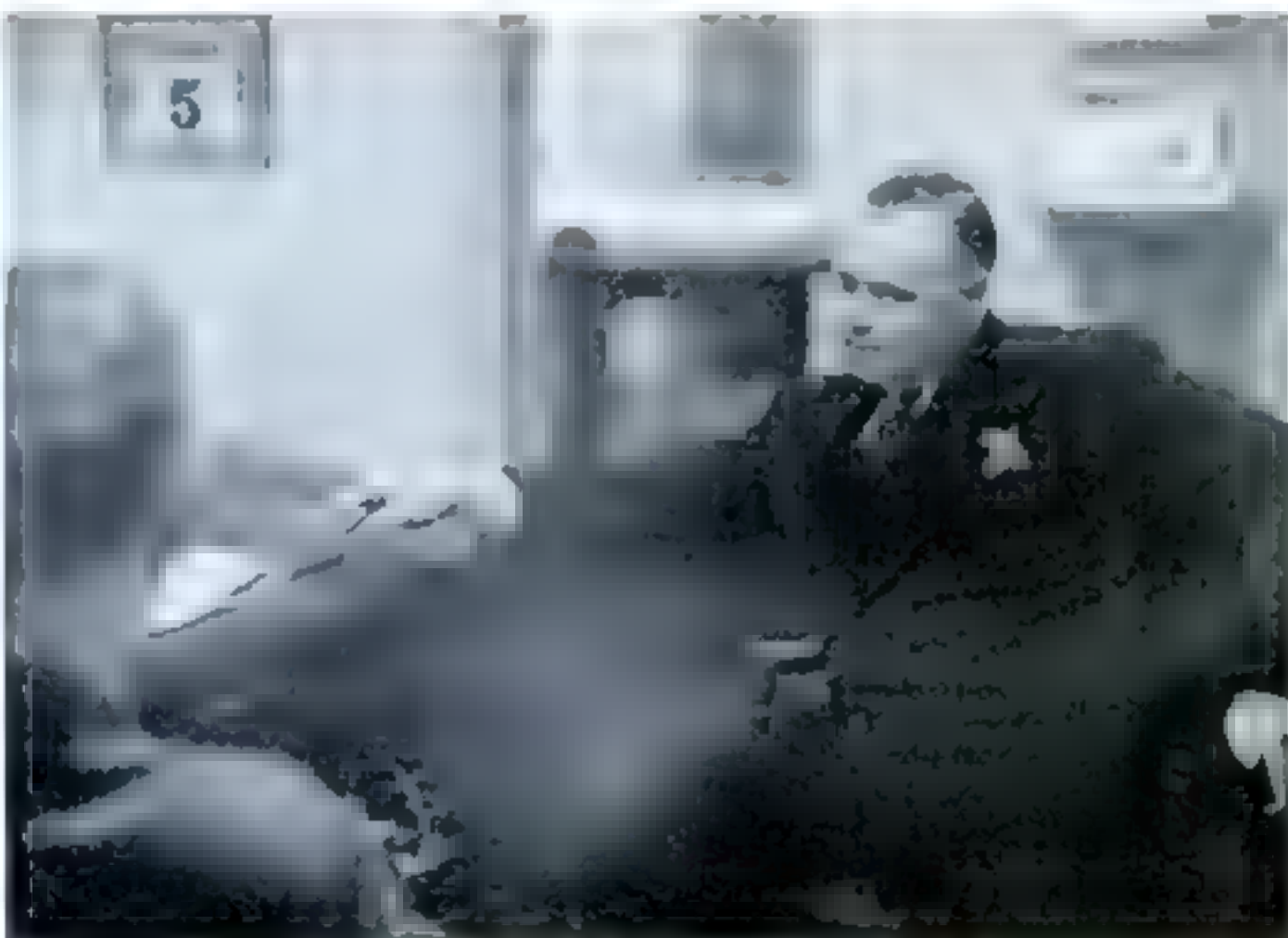
Franz Stigler was chef baker in U.S. liner *Imperia*, whose chief cook and chief butcher were also members of spy ring. It is now a troopship, the *U.S.S. Point*. In January 1941 Stigler asked Schold to read the diary that Prime Minister Churchill had given secret to U.S. on H.M.S. *King George V* with Lord Halifax. But Churchill was to meet Roosevelt until August.



Leo Waalen (right) and Paul Fehse examining American and Canadian diary journals they brought to Schold's office to be sent to Germany. On May 31, 1941, Fehse told Waalen, a painter, worked in small boat yard which was engaged in building Navy orders. He brought Schold specifications for sailing boats at 1 secret. FBI learned on June 1st that Fehse was a spy.



Heinrich Stado, musician and "patriotic agent," told Schold that he had been in the German Gestapo in 1936 and "know everything about spy work." He was a patriotic musician and had received requests for information on ship movements. Schold gave him a letter from a friend, a musician, to join the spy. He was arrested in 1941 and imprisoned at a Long Island prison.



Heinrich Clausing, vegetable cook in U.S. liner *Imperia*, sent reports on ship movements on high seas to Germany via South American girl friend, a Housewife (Schold's friend) who was "Nazi." Clausing asked him to look up on war at the "secret." Schold told Fehse and Clausing said he was "impressed." He served as a spy for the spot to help Germany in the war.



Paul Fehse, chief of Nazis' movie espionage in the U.S., came to Schold on March 27 (see calendar) and said that he had just received his draft notice. "It will make me work hard to join the American Army," he said. A Russian photographer snapped this picture. Fehse, a cook, knew many secrets and sent regular reports on ships and cargoes out of New York.



Everett Roeder, U.S. born spy, was designer for company making secret Army and Navy mechanisms. He first went to Germany in 1930. On May 8, 1941, he told Schold: "I cannot understand why you pay such small sums," he complained. "On the other side they used to pay me from \$200 to \$225 a month." Roeder had 16 guns in his home on Long Island.

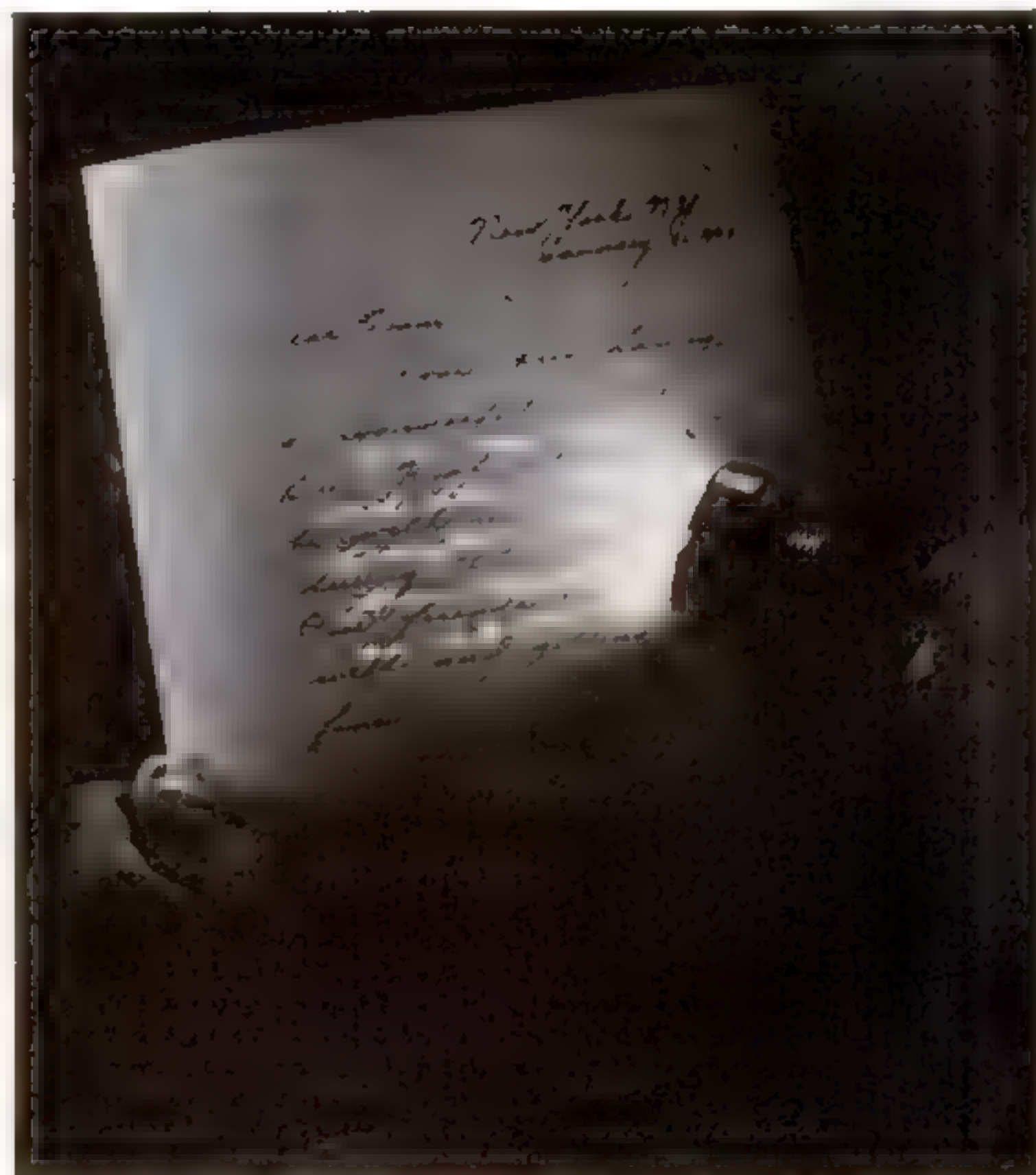


Master spy nabbed by G-men was Frederick Joubert Duquesne, 64, (above) who spied against British in Boer War and World War I. In 1918 Duquesne was arrested for murder in New York after boxes of "minerals" he shipped on British ship *Tennyson* blew up and sank the ship. He

escaped from a prison ward and charge was later dropped. G-men found him living in a swank New York apartment (second photo, with an American-born sculptress. He posed as anti-British crackpot and told people he had been in an insane asylum. Actually he was a cool, crafty



Many letters with invisible writing were intercepted by the FBI during spy vigil. This apparently harmless note, copy of an actual spy letter, contained invisible directions for a meeting on a New York corner. Members of the ring sent each other pencils that could be used for invisible writing.



Under ultraviolet light, secret message is revealed. In reports to Germany spies used complicated code based on pages from novel *All This, and Heaven Too*. Often documents were forwarded around world via Shanghai travel agent, Portuguese professor, German naval officer in Genoa.



This is how a spy looks when he is gloating. On Jan. 25, 1941, Hartwig Richard Kleiss, chief cook on the S. S. *America*, informed Sebold he had the secret plans for transforming that ship into the troopship *West Point*. Photo 1 might be entitled "It's in the bag!" Photo 2:

"I have it here in my hand." Photo 3: "How do you like this?" These plans were sent to Germany, after officials "fuzzed out" the details showing gun mounts and other vital points. Sebold's "superiors" in Germany sent a frantic request for a clearer print, but never received it.



spy who signed his reports to Germany with a rubber-stamp cat's paw. Agents photographed him leaving his home (third photo) and walking with Sebald (fourth photo). On June 23, 1941, Duquenois came to Sebald's office and took from his sock (sequence above) an amazing assort-

ment of material—a photograph and specifications of a U. S. Army speedboat, drawings of a new self-reloading rifle, reports on maneuvers in Tennessee and a secret one-man tank trap. He also said he had made plans to blow up an upstate electric plant. On June 28 he was arrested.



Diagrams giving secret details on American military devices were often brought to Sebald by spies, to be converted into microfilm small enough to be carried inside a watch case. Some of these were genuine but many, like those shown above, were based on faulty information. The "Air-

Boom Bomber," G-men believe, may have been inspired by post-office experiments with pick-up airmail sacks. The "Submarine Life Saver" looks like a bad interpretation of a news picture. No one in the U. S. Government ever heard of the invention labeled "Invisible Ship Smoke."



Glamor girl of the spy ring was Lilly Barbara Carola Stein, 27, native of Vienna. Her charms were irresistible to susceptible Teutonic gentlemen of middle age. From Edmund Carl Heine, once representative of U. S. automobile concerns in Germany, she received lengthy reports

on U. S. aviation plants which she gave to Sebald. Lilly kept scrapbook showing how she looked in bathing, skiing, boating and Alpine costumes. In Photo 3 she is shown walking unsuspectingly on street with Sebald, in Photo 4 as she went to court. She pleaded guilty.



"The dying captain of a battleship displayed the outstanding individual heroism of the day. As he emerged from the conning tower to the bridge, the better to fight his ship, his stomach was laid completely open by a shrapnel burst. He

fell to the deck. Refusing to be carried to safety, he continued to direct the action. When the bridge turned into a blazing inferno two of his officers attempted to remove him. But he ordered them to abandon him and save themselves.

... Four motor-torpedo boats had been loaded aboard a Fleet tanker for shipment. Their youthful ensign captains put their power-driven turret machine guns into immediate action, accounting for at least one enemy raider plane."

KNOX REPORT

NAVY SECRETARY CITES DEEDS OF HEROISM AT PEARL HARBOR

In Washington, Dec. 15, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox made public a full and detailed chronicle of the tragedy at Pearl Harbor. His report was twofold. First he enumerated U. S. losses: the battleship *Arizona*, the target ship *Utah*, three destroyers, a minelayer, nearly 3,000 dead, and many other ships damaged in varying degree. He stated flatly that "The United States services were not on the alert against the surprise air attack on Hawaii."

But there was another story to be told, a story of unforgettable bravery and resourcefulness displayed by U. S. officers and men during the inferno of the Jap assault. This part of the Knox report, based on accounts of naval officers who witnessed the bombing, did much to palliate the shame of the shocking statistics. The drawings on these pages define a few of the heroic moments recounted by the Navy Secretary. The captions are in Mr. Knox's own words.

"Men from ships out of action managed at any cost to return to the battle. There were the survivors of the capsized ship, who swam through the blazing oil to clamber aboard other ships and join gun crews. Crews from another disab-

led vessel swam into mid-channel, where they were hoisted aboard outward-bound destroyers. . . [although] the comparative safety of the shore lay only a few yards away. . . One Naval Reserve ensign volunteered as skipper of a mo-

tor launch. With four men he proceeded across Pearl Harbor's reverberating channel through a hail of enemy fire and shrapnel. They saved almost 100 men from one battleship—men who had been blown overboard into the oil-fired waters."



CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

Let's keep America's trucks Rolling



INTERNATIONALS have

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CIVILIAN TRUCKS, no less than military trucks, face a gigantic job these days—one of the toughest of all the emergency jobs. Trucks are hauling millions of tons *extra*. They have to work harder—and live longer. There's less rest between hauls for most trucks, fewer empty returns, more double duty—and fewer new trucks for replacement!

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



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US: Now that you're back in this country again, sir, we'd like to ask you:

MAN: Sorry, no comment.

US: But this isn't that kind of a question. We simply wanted to ask you: *How long has it been since you've tasted Four Roses?*

MAN: Well, naturally, it's been some time.

US: Of course. And, not having tried Four Roses recently, you're going to be surprised and thrilled when you discover what wonderful things have happened to TODAY'S Four Roses! Never before, we're certain, have you tasted such a whiskey!

MAN: Really? You're not exactly modest about this whiskey of yours.

US: Sorry, sir. We just can't help being enthusiastic about a whiskey that can boast such a long and now magnificent record as to days Four Roses. Here, it's just too good to miss. This Four Roses you'll find well worth your money. Just try it, wouldn't you?

MAN: I'll put it right at the top of my list of things to do—and thanks for the tip.

Four Roses is old 100% straight whiskey. No proof. The result is a "Four Roses" that is more old than new. Distilled by J. & W. L. & Co., Louisville & Baltimore.

**YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY
AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!**



JACK COGGINS

"To the unsung heroes of the harbor auxiliaries must go much of the credit for helping stem the onslaught. Even the lowly garbage lighters shared the grim task. One came alongside a blazing ship, which threatened to erupt into explosion. Col-

ly the yard craft's commander led fire-fighting both aboard the warsip and on the surface of the harbor. He kept his tiny vessel beside the larger one for 24 hours. Quick thinking in the dire emergency probably saved many lives—and ships.

An aviation machinist made aboard one ship saw that Barnes from the huge vessel threatened a repair ship alongside. He ran through the maze and singlehandedly slashed the lines holding the two ships together. Freed, the smaller craft crewed

"Drama was crowded into a few seconds on board an aircraft tender moored at the navy air station. Target of the enemy's fiercest bombing and sinking. With the ship already on fire from repeated attacks, a carrier aircraft batties downed a

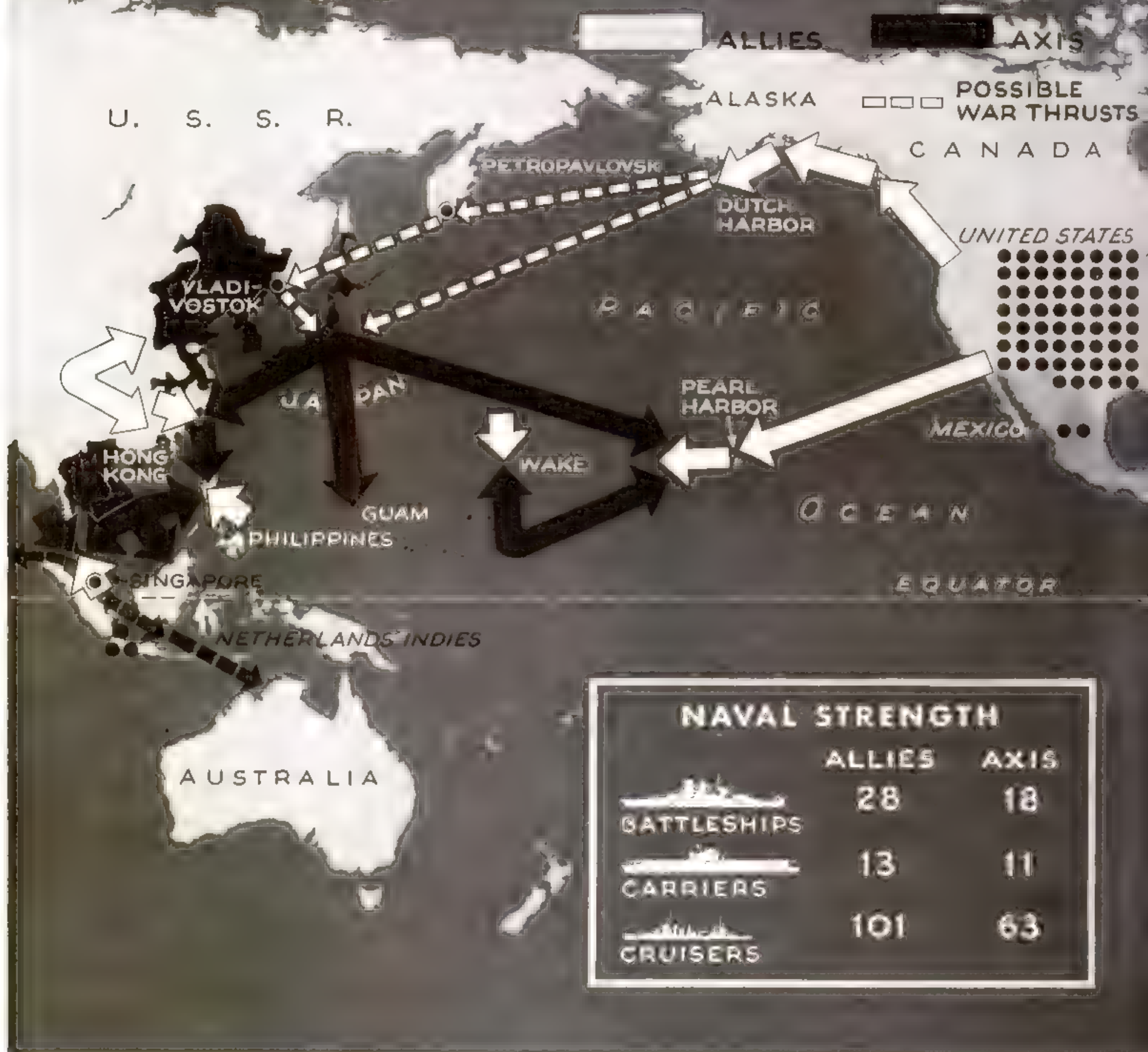
plane, which crashed in Barnes on deck. At this moment her captain observed the shadow of an enemy two-man submarine approaching within a few yards of the vessel. It was pinned under fire. Hits were scored and the submarine exposed her con-

ning tower. At that instant a destroyer stood down channel, passed directly over the submarine and sank it with depth charges. Debris rose from the craft's wreckage, the tender then shot it with a secret plane, which fell on deck nearby."



SEEL-
STAR

WORLDWIDE



WHOLE GLOBE A BATTLEFIELD

AXIS THRUSTS AIMED AT OIL

The terrible sweep of a World War that really grips the world is shown above. The wide arrows indicate actual military thrusts now in progress, back for the Axis, white for the Allies. The narrow, broken arrows show possible future thrusts. Because so much of the war is being fought at sea, the naval strengths of both sides are compared. Because it is the No. 1 essential of modern war, the location of the principal world supplies is indicated.

Seen this way, an orderly and balanced design creeps ominously out of the black pools of the Axis areas on opposite edges of the world. Axis strategy appears as a plan to pinch off the area between Germany and Japan, the land mass of Eurasia with its raw materials.

The German attempt to smash through the cross that mess was broken in early December. The black arrows in Russia turn on themselves and head backward. On the frozen ground beneath these arrows, German soldiers were freezing to the earth where they lay to wait for cover. Back across Russia, step by heavy step, westward now, the huge German military machine dragged itself. The revived Russian armies tried to hammer the retreat into a rout, tried to make the German soldiers and done to Napoleon's Armies in 1812. The Germans wanted to stop after they had left a wide band of devastated area for the Russians to spend the winter in. Forgotten names, Vyazma, Kamen, Tula, came back into the headlines. The Germans were even pulled

WAR FRONTS



ing out of Finland, opening to the Russian armies the road to northern Norway

On the opposite side of the world, the Chinese Armies were similarly harassing the Japanese, whose troops were pulling out of North China to re-inforce the drive in the south. The prime objective of this drive seemed so far to be Singapore and at week's end the Japanese had gone a frightening 100 miles through the open country of the west coast of Malaya. They had made a powerful landing on Hong Kong Island and were cleaning up this threat to their supply line, as they had previously mopped up Guam. Troops, planes and submarines were keeping busy the Philippines, Borneo, Wake and Hawaii, feeling out American weapons, men and tactics.

Some of the best men in the U. S. Army, including a high percentage of West Pointers, staunchly held the Philippines, without which the U. S. will find it hard to mount an offensive—when the time finally comes.

Meanwhile, in the north, the U. S. had long ago advanced its forces on the flank as far as Dutch Harbor in the west and to Iceland in the east. Soviet Russia, fighting the biggest enemy of all, could not now afford to take on another at its back door by giving American bombers a base at Vladivostok to bomb Tokyo. But there were fields in Free China nearly as handy

The Allied counteroffensive was rolling in North Africa, if not in Malaya. There the British had booted the German and Italian armored columns back as far

as Derna. But they were in a hurry to clean up North Africa, before Germany pulled something

This "something" might be a drive south across Turkey, to parallel the Japanese drive toward the Indian Ocean. It, too, aimed at oil, in Iraq and Iran. A supporting pincer drive across Spain and North Africa to Dakar might accompany this Nazi offensive to give the Germans the western end of the Mediterranean as well.

The decisive factor in this World War is planes—fighting, bombing and scouting. Planes have a wide, rapid range, but they must have bases and bases must be held by land forces. That was why this was becoming a war of the islands, of place-names nobody knew. On these obscure arenas was being fought out the destiny of the U. S.

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der for your convenience. The carbohydrates are added for the sole purpose of protecting the coffee's goodness, flavor and stimulation until you release them in the cup—the carbohydrates do not dilute the coffee's flavor or strength.

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SAVES "ARGUMENTS"—*Strength to suit individual taste*
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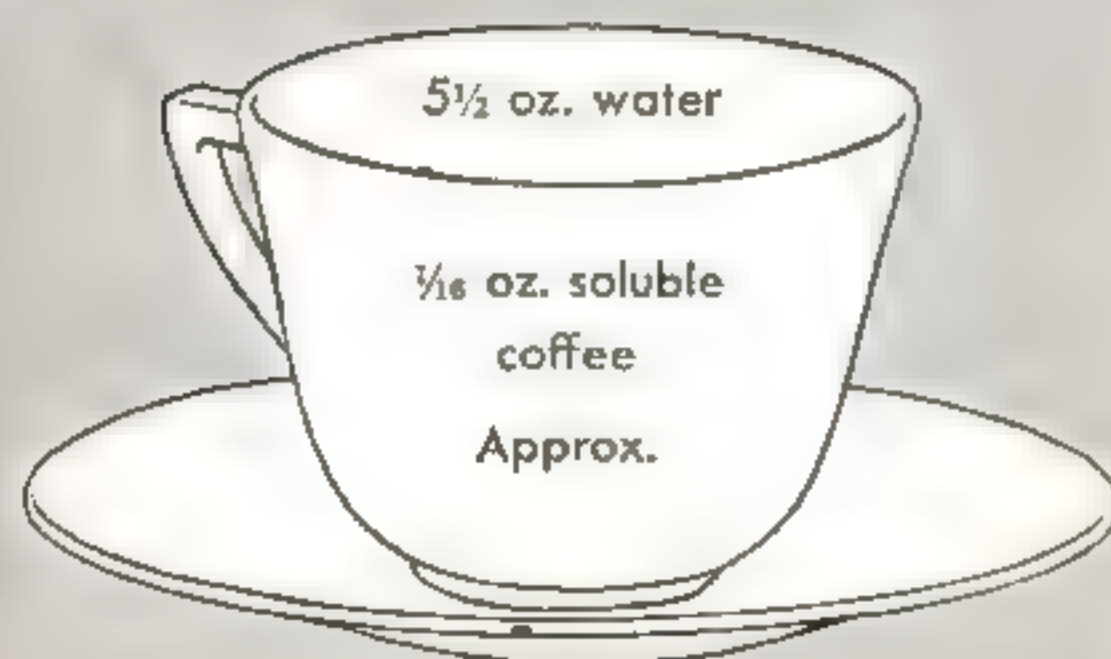
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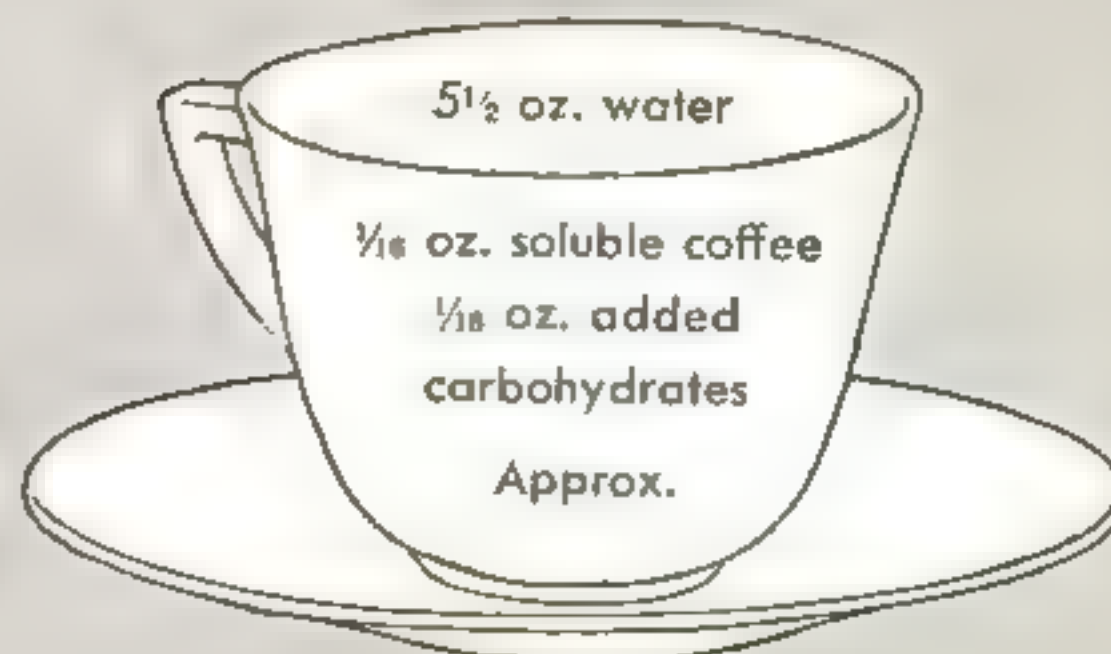


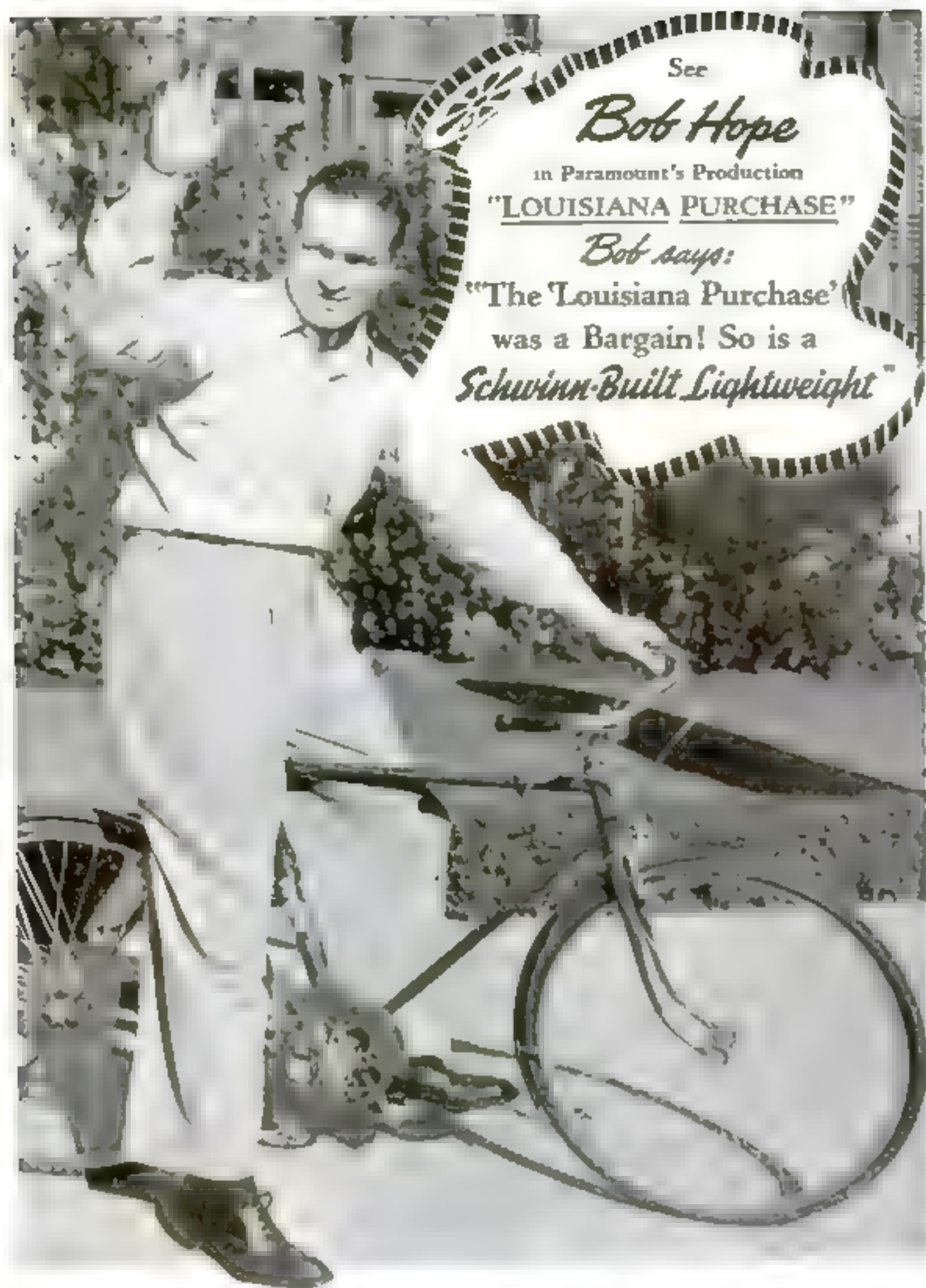
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"BUZZ" WAGNER'S STORY

AMERICA'S FIRST ACE TELLS HOW HE SHOT DOWN FIRST TWO PLANES

by FIRST LIEUTENANT BOYD D. WAGNER

First Lieutenant Boyd D. Wagner was acclaimed last week as the first American ace of the war. Although the war was only two weeks old, he had shot down five Japanese planes in the air and led his squadron in an attack that destroyed 25 more on the ground. "Buzz" Wagner is 23



LIEUTENANT WAGNER

theless he remained to complete the observations which constituted his original objective and returned with the first, accurate information of enemy activities in that area."

The story below was taken down by LIFE Photographer Carl Mydans who called as follows:

"This was told to me one morning by Lieutenant Wagner while we shared a foxhole, pressing closely into the Luzon soil as the Japanese dropped sticks of bombs close by. Wagner is a well-built, deliberate, mature young man. He told me his story in calm, technical phrases, occasionally resting his dark head on folded arms as enemy bombers flew over."

A few days after he told this story, Lieutenant Wagner led his squadron in an even more important exploit. Attacking the Japanese beach-head at Vigan in northern Luzon, the American fliers shot down one Japanese plane and destroyed "at least 25 on the ground," and set fire to the Japanese fuel dumps. This removed one of the chief threats to Manila, 200 miles away.

Just after dawn on Dec. 12 I took off alone in my peashooter [pursuit plane] on a reconnoiter mission. The overcast was heavy at 5,000 ft. so I turned on the oxygen and climbed up over it at 16,000. I dead reckoned about 200 miles and figured then I was ten minutes north of Aparri. I let down on instruments, broke through the overcast at 8,000 ft. almost on top of two Japanese destroyers. Almost at once they threw a heavy barrage up around me and I turned nose-down and dived within a few feet of the water avoiding their AA and swung inland several miles. I knew then I was approaching Aparri airport, but flying into the sun I couldn't see clearly.

Suddenly tracer fire tore by me from overhead and instinctively I did a steep chandelle into the sun. Looking back I saw two Japanese pursuits behind me and three more overhead so I pulled nose-up and continued to climb directly into the sun at full throttle and low pitch. Now the two Nippos who fired on me lost me. I went into a half-barrel roll onto their tails from my upper position and attacked them from the rear. They were in close formation and both burst into flames almost simultaneously, the fliers going down with the planes.

Then for the first time I realized I was right over their airport. Almost directly below me was a runway and on it twelve enemy pursuit planes. I made two passes at the field, strafing the grounded planes as I swept over. I saw five of them burst into flames.

Just as I was pulling up from the second pass, I saw that three pursuits above had seen me and were pouring down on me. I dropped an empty belly-tank for greater speed and dived close to the ground, making it difficult for them to see me, then gave it the needle and easily outdistanced them. I had filled my assignment and, as gas was getting low, headed for home. The last I saw of the field was two long columns of black smoke.



Wagner gets two planes from the rear with sharp bursts of fire. This exploit was the result of brilliant flying on Wagner's part. Previously

the Japanese planes had been chasing him but by climbing steeply, directly into the sun, he got away, then turned and attacked them.

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Simka is a short and mild-spoken Russian who bursts forth with surprising fiery exuberance on his favorite subject: art.

NEW ENGLAND WINTER INSPIRES SIMKA SIMKHOVITCH

Through war and revolution the art of Simka Simkhovitch has developed to its present state of serenity. The war was in his native Russia, and the serenity is in Connecticut where Simkhovitch now feels and paints like a native New Englander. Significantly, those things that Simka found ultimate satisfaction in painting—everyday scenes, portraits, winter landscapes—are those things in which people find lasting value above the grim emergencies of war.

Simkhovitch was born near the city of Kiev where his parents ran a small department store. When he was 7, Simka spent a year in bed with a severe case of measles. To amuse himself he used to sketch an old mill outside his window, and thus decided to become an artist. (History lists many people whose talents developed during a period of childhood illness: Theodore Roosevelt, Robert Louis Stevenson, Samuel Johnson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Rudyard Kipling.)

"Art is no business," stormed Simka's father. But at 13 the boy went to art school at Odessa, and then five years later was recommended to the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg, the highest honor a young art-

ist could win in Russia. Before he could attend the Academy, Simka was swept into the Army, and later into the Revolution where he was dismayed by the artistic battle cry, "Down with the old stuff! Down with Rembrandt!" But Simka's work was hung in the Museum of Revolution in Leningrad, and he was sent to America for a year in 1924 to do illustrations for Soviet textbooks. With the prospect of gaining freedom, Simka rushed to take out his first citizenship papers, meanwhile supporting himself by commercial art, scene-painting, and a few portrait jobs at \$1,000 a head. The Americanization of Simka Simkhovitch was consummated by his marriage to a tall New England blonde.

Now Simka at 49 paints exactly what he likes. His New England winter scenes still preserve some of the dreamy colors of a Russian fairy tale, because at heart, like most Russians, Simka is a romanticist. At heart also he believes that "good painting is good painting, no matter what message it gives." For ten years, Simka did not exhibit in America because he felt that art reflected too much social conflict. Then last winter he held a one-man show at New York's Midtown Galleries.



In the attic studio of his house in Greenwich, Conn., Simkhovitch paints Naomi, 5, the younger of his daughters. Strwn

around studio are his paintings of the Greenwich waterfront on Long Island Sound, which is Simka's favorite local scene.

At left is an imaginary composition of boys on horseback. In center is family cat, Puddy, called Applesauce by Naomi.



"THIS KIND OF COUNTRY REMINDS ME OF RUSSIA WHERE I WAS BORN," SAYS SIMCHA SIMKHOVITCH, DESCRIBING HIS "ROAD HOME," PAINTED LAST CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT

ICE-LADEN TREES TINKLING AND SHIMMERING IN THE PALE WINTER LIGHT WERE PAINTED FROM SIMCHA SIMKHOVITCH'S STUDIO WINDOW. HE TITLES THIS "BLEET STORM 1940"





INSTEAD OF PAINTING THE USUAL SNOW BLANKETED SCENE SIMKHOVITCH USES ONLY SCATTERED PATCHES OF SNOW AND BRIGHT BUILDINGS IN HIS "WINTER IN CONNECTICUT"

TWO HORSES STANDING AT TWILIGHT IN A WINTRY FIELD OF STUBBLE PROMPTED SIMKHOVITCH TO PAINT THIS PLEASANTLY MELANCHOLY LANDSCAPE CALLED "BACK COUNTRY"





In rumble seat, Simka does most of his outdoor sketching around Connecticut while his wife drives beside their daughter Sonya. The critic beside him is Daughter Naomi.



This bare landscape reminds me of my home in Russia," says Simka Simkhovitch of this view from his studio, showing Sonya and Naomi playing near their father

There's One in Every Neighborhood!



2. **ONE DAY** Marge and I are having ourselves a cozy little gossip when up strolls this neighbor we call "Mrs. Trouble." You know the kind that is full of conversation—but only about *herself*, and usually about her ailments? Well, today it was the irregularities of her intestinal tract



2. **AFTER SHE HAD GONE**, Marge, the imp, sparks an idea. "These eternal sympathy-seekers!" she says. "Most of them just don't eat right. I'll bet a little 'bulk' of the right kind in her diet would take the blues out of her conversation. Let's be her fairy god-mothers, and send her a letter and a package of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN."

3. "'MADAME,' WE'LL SAY, 'why endure your constipation first, and then try to "cure" it with purgatives? Better to get at the cause—and prevent it! If it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk," ALL-BRAN should do the trick. Eat it regularly and drink plenty of water."



4. **I FORGOT ABOUT IT**, until one day when Marge and I were together in waltzes our "Mrs. Trouble" as chipper as a robin on a May morning. "A friend of mine told me," she says to Marge, "that it's to you I'm indebted for a wonderful favor. I've knitted you a little sweater to celebrate my joining the 'regulars' with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN."

Join the "Regulars" with
Kellogg's All-Bran

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UP THE ROCKY SHORES OF GUANTANAMO
CABLE BEACH STORM THE U.S. MARINES

U. S. MARINES

THEY STAND GUARD ON OUR ISLAND OUTPOSTS



GENERAL THOMAS HOLCOMB

Last week the Japanese pounded at Wake. All day and all night the bombs fell. But still the tiny U. S. Marine garrison, defending the island, fought on. When the Navy finally got word through to them it asked, "Is there anything you want?" Back came the answer, "Yes, more Japs."

It was just like the Marines—stubborn, quick, heroic and theatrical. It was in the best tradition of the toughest-living, toughest-swear, toughest-fighting outfit in the world. It was the answer of men determined to die fighting. In history, it will rank with the shout of a sweating Marine sergeant, named Dan Daly, to his bleeding platoon at Belleau Wood: "Come on, you ---- of ----, do you want to live forever?"

Marines have always been fighters. They have a fanatic pride in their traditions and in their Corps. With religious zeal they believe in the sanctity of their motto, "*Semper Parati*," meaning "Ever Faithful." They have never violated it.

During 91 of the 166 years of the nation's history, the Marines have been in action. When Washington stole across the Delaware to surprise the Hessians at Trenton on the cold Christmas night of 1776, Marines were ready to re-inforce his army. When John Paul Jones's leaky ship, the *Bon Homme Richard*, fought its deadly duel with the *Serapis*, it was a Marine marksman in the rigging who dropped hand grenades down the British ship's hold, igniting a powder keg.

At Tripoli the Marines fought bravely under Stephen Decatur and raised the Stars and Stripes over Derna. During the Mexican War they stormed the heights of Chapultepec, near Mexico City, coming in sight of the "Halls of Montezuma." They fought in the Fiji Islands, in Japan, Samoa and Egypt. More recently they have been in action in Central and South America, and trounced the Spaniards in Cuba. In World War I they met the fury of the Kaiser's army and stopped it cold at Belleau Wood and the Argonne. Said a Marine captain then, when ordered to retreat, "Retreat, hell. We just got here."

Today, once again, the Marines are fighting. Their commander is Major General Thomas Holcomb (above). At Wake, Midway, Guam, the Philippines and Hawaii, shells are bursting around them. Already there has been heroism and death. Already their guns have knocked down Jap planes, sunk Jap ships. Already they are keeping alive the traditions of their Corps.

But scattered over the world at places like Trinidad, Bermuda, Newfoundland and Panama are other U. S. outposts. Over them an uncertain peace still hovers. Such a base is Guantánamo Bay in Cuba, shown here. Although it is much more heavily defended, in some ways it resembles Wake. It is an island and it is tropical. Its Marines live in the same kind of clean khaki tents, eat from the same kind of mess kitchens, ride in the same kind of trucks, talk the same language, think the same long thoughts as the Marines at Wake. On its bleak shores, manning its anti-aircraft and coastal guns, they are today waiting for the same kind of enemy attack that hit Wake.

Sooner or later war will come to Guantánamo, as it must to all Marines everywhere. Its men will not be found wanting. Like the Marines at Wake, they will be equal to the test. They will stand up to the whine of bombs, the destruction of cities, the crashing crescendo of war. They will remember their hymn:

*From the Halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli
We fight our country's battles
On the land as on the sea
First to fight for Right and Freedom
And to keep our honor clean
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States Marine.*



Temporary Marine barracks are built on the shores of Guantánamo Bay. Instead of small two-to-three-man tents previously used in the field, the Marines use py-

ramidal eight-man tents. Say officers, "Eight men work together, play together, get in less trouble than two or three men." Ships in harbor belong to the U. S. Navy.



On the shores of the bay, Marines man a 50-cal. anti-aircraft gun. During practice "lulls" periods, guns are manned for 48 hours without let-up while an enemy

attack is simulated. Below: Marine aviators talk over a problem with their squadron leader at Quantico, Va. Aviators like this are now stationed at Guantánamo.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



On the hot sands at Guantánamo, a 30-cal. machine gun, helping to protect the beach, is camouflaged to conceal it from the

enemy. The crew lie very low while bullets supposedly whizz by them from enemy positions in the thicket of trees ahead.



Carrier landings are practiced every day by Marine aviators based at Quantico. Here a lieutenant acts as a landing signal officer, sig-



By night the crew of a 3-in. anti-aircraft gun practices aiming into the sky. At bases like Guantánamo,

Marines also have 37-mm. anti-aircraft and 50-cal. machine guns to help protect ships, fortifications,

MARINES ARE IN DEFENSE

On June 10, 1898, the first U. S. Marines landed at Guantánamo Bay. Admiral Cervera's Spanish Fleet was bottled up in Santiago Harbor, but the Americans needed a nearby base to make their blockade complete. To secure this, Colonel Robert Huntington's famous Marine battalion was landed, and in four days of bitter fighting, while the public at home listened for news with eager fascination, won the first great victory of the war in Cuba and drove the Spaniards from the bay.

Ever since then, Guantánamo Bay has been one of the most important U. S. naval bases. It protects Cuba and the West Indies. It is a shield for Florida. Most important, it is the strongest single defense for the Panama Canal.

Today, at Guantánamo, as these pictures show, the Marines have taken up defensive positions. They man listening devices, anti-aircraft guns and machine guns mounted so as to protect their beaches. They are expert in this kind of warfare, but it is not the kind of fighting they like best. They like to be on the offensive. They would like to be doing what they practiced last winter. Then, with the complete First Division of U. S. Marines, they practiced landing operations on



Sound locators at Guantánamo will spot enemy planes five miles away. New-type radio locators, however, of which the U. S. has few, will spot planes 100 miles away.



naals the fier when to cut his gun, drop in for picking up the arrest-
er gear. Marine Corps planes frequently fly from aircraft carriers.



Headquarters for the anti-aircraft batteries at Guantánamo
are in this airy tent. Batteries are manned 24 hours a day.

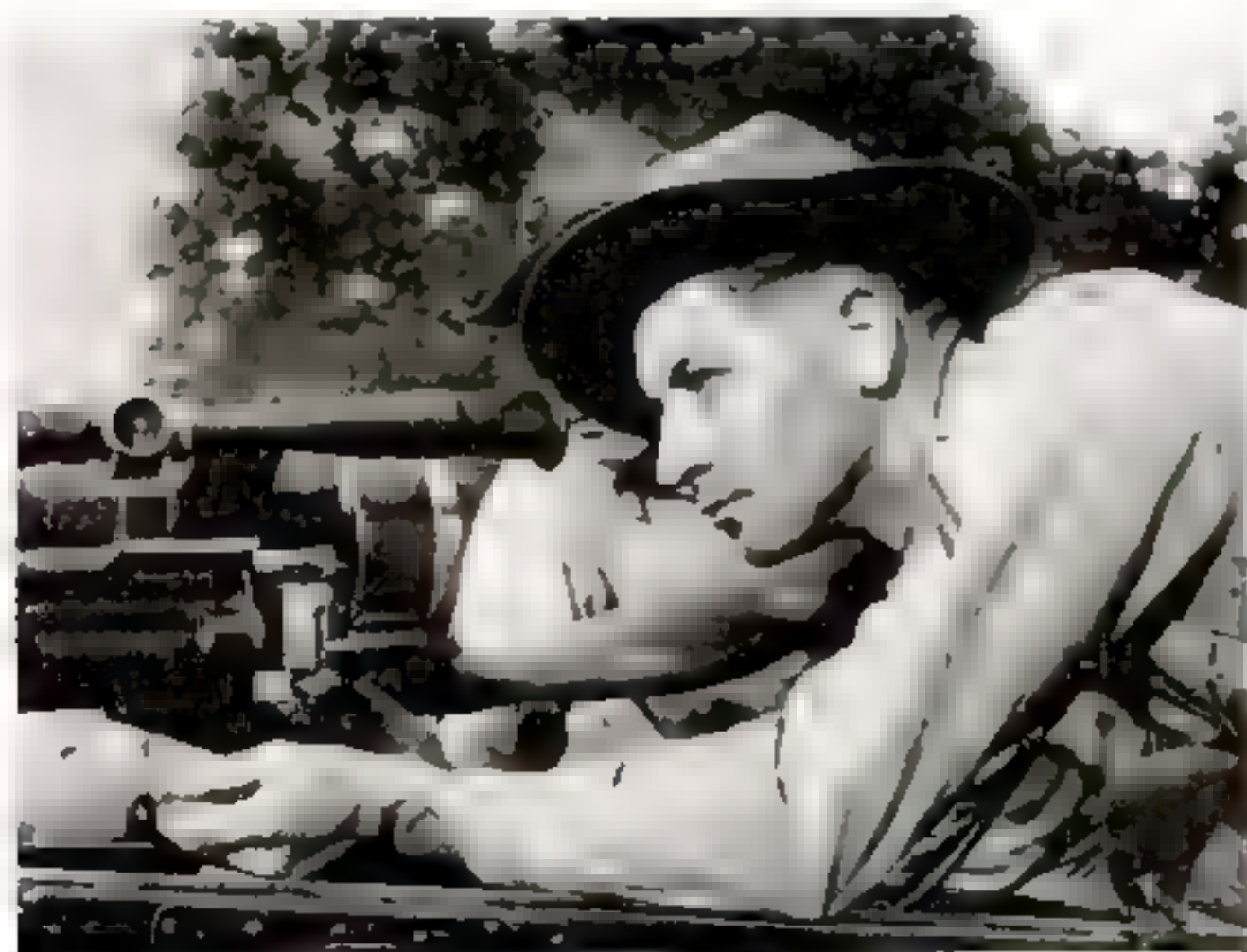
When not on duty, Marines also live in tents like this. They
are so busy that they almost never go into the city of Santiago.

POSITION AT GUANTÁNAMO

enemy shores. Their newfangled combat teams composed of infantry and artillery, supported by aviation, were trundled aboard transports, sailed off to southern islands. There they fast became experts at the job on which the Marines pride themselves most.

Last week, anxiously waiting in Guantánamo, the Marines were sure that the time for them to take the offensive would come soon. Their Corps was getting bigger all the time. Because the Marines are still part of the Navy, some were aboard ships of the Fleet. Other thousands were at bases all over the world. Still other thousands belonged to great Marine divisions, nearing the end of intensive training. Complete with tanks, amphibious tractors, landing boats, artillery and planes, these divisions gave the Corps a hard-hitting offensive force capable, if necessary, of carrying war to the enemy. Whenever and wherever they decided to hit, they would hit hard.

Already some Marines by last week had found themselves in enemy territory. Approximately 200 of them, stationed at Tientsin and Peking, were captured by the Japanese. Fortunately most of the Marine garrison at Shanghai had been evacuated by the time fighting started.



Into sights of old-type 37-mm. gun peers an intent Marine corporal. Guns like this
are now mounted on every strategic position near and around Guantánamo Bay.



Late at night, when on active duty near their guns,
the tired Marines who are not on watch snuggle into

improvised tents like this, read or write by lamplight,
while huge and treacherous land crabs crawl nearby.



A fleet of Marine amphibian tractors moves in formation down west coast of Florida. Looking like squat little tanks,

they can be launched from transports, will carry personnel and a heavy cargo to beach, then armed with machine guns

they can lumber out of water, move swiftly over land. On their way, they can knock down trees many inches thick.



In a landing operation, following boats, will come the Marine infantry men, carried to the shore by special landing tractors.

Once on the shore the Marines' job is just beginning. They must push inland but—no machine guns or even heavy artil-

lery is left to fire on the beach. Usually the job must be done when wearing a 40-lb. pack and 250 rounds of ammunition.



Up on land rolls the amphibious tractor. Propulsion is provided by two tractor-type chains traveling around the hull. To them are attached "T"-shaped cleats of metal. Tractor is invention of a Florida contractor named Donald Roeh-

ing, whose grandfather built the Brooklyn Bridge. Originally he designed it for rescue work on land or water during floods and hurricanes, gave a few to the Red Cross and Coast Guard. Three years ago the Marines saw the tractors in ac-

tion, suggested their power, speed and armor be increased, and put in an initial request for 200 of them. Because Roehling had no facilities to build so many, he persuaded the Food Machinery Corporation at Dunedin, Fla. to construct them.



PARACHUTISTS ARE READY FOR ACTION

First precept of the Marines. Like that of the old base ball player Willie Keeler: "If I am where they are not." When the time comes for the Marines to turn from the role of defense to offense, they will strike hard and fast—preferably on an enemy's weakest point. Among their weapons when they act will be fast trans-

ports, converted destroyers, landing boats, tank carriers, tanks, anti-tank guns, self-propelled artillery, bombing and fighting planes, and the amphibious tractors on last page.

Then there will be the parachutists shown in action in the great picture here. A small, tough group, they



are ready for action whenever needed. For a year the Marines have been training through two different parachute schools. Now the newest graduates are making their graduating jump. Up they have gone in a DC-3 cargo ship. At an altitude of 1,000 ft., they stand up in the plane, attach their static lines to a line running

lengthwise down the plane, and out one by one. As they fall, their parachutes are automatically yanked open. In less than ten seconds the plane is cleared of all its twelve paratroopers. If by chance something should go wrong and their parachutes should not open, they have emergency chutes on their chests.

In addition to actual jumping, Marine parachutists go through a ground school where they perform violent calisthenics, learn to fall from a 9 ft. platform, and, in a body roll, and finally practice jumping from a 300 ft. tower. With special emphasis on fighting the Japs, many of them have likewise been taught jujitsu.



ANATOMY OF BOMBS

TWO YEARS OF WAR HAVE MEASURED LIMITS OF THEIR POWER

Just before it bursts and shatters into jagged fragments, the steel shell of a bomb swells up, under pressure of exploding TNT, to half again its original size. This is nothing compared to the swollen image in the minds of U. S. continental citizens who have yet to see, hear and feel the explosion of their first enemy air bomb. They regard the bomb, as Europeans did in the summer of 1939, as the apocalyptic weapon that draws no distinctions between military objectives and civilian victims and makes their homes the final battlefield. The tons of bombs that have thundered to earth since the war began have, however, fallen somewhat short of expectations. Understood in the intimate anatomy of its design and construction and finally its performance, the bomb assumes the comprehensible dimensions of other man-made things, with finite limitations on its powers of destruction.

Of the four kinds of air bombs—demolition, fragmentation, armor-piercing and incendiary—only the second is designed for direct assault on human life. Really an air grenade, the fragmentation bomb is used on troop columns, not on civilians. Destruction of civilian life is incidental to the destruction of property by incendiaries and demolition bombs. Small 2 lb. incendiaries, sown broadside in quantity, are intended to start many small fires that will merge into a conflagration. Nearest approach to this disaster was the London City fire in December 1940. Major air weapon is the high-explosive demolition bomb. In various sizes from 100 lb. to two tons, the high explosive is designed primarily to demolish buildings, not by fragments or fire, but by the sheer power of its blast.

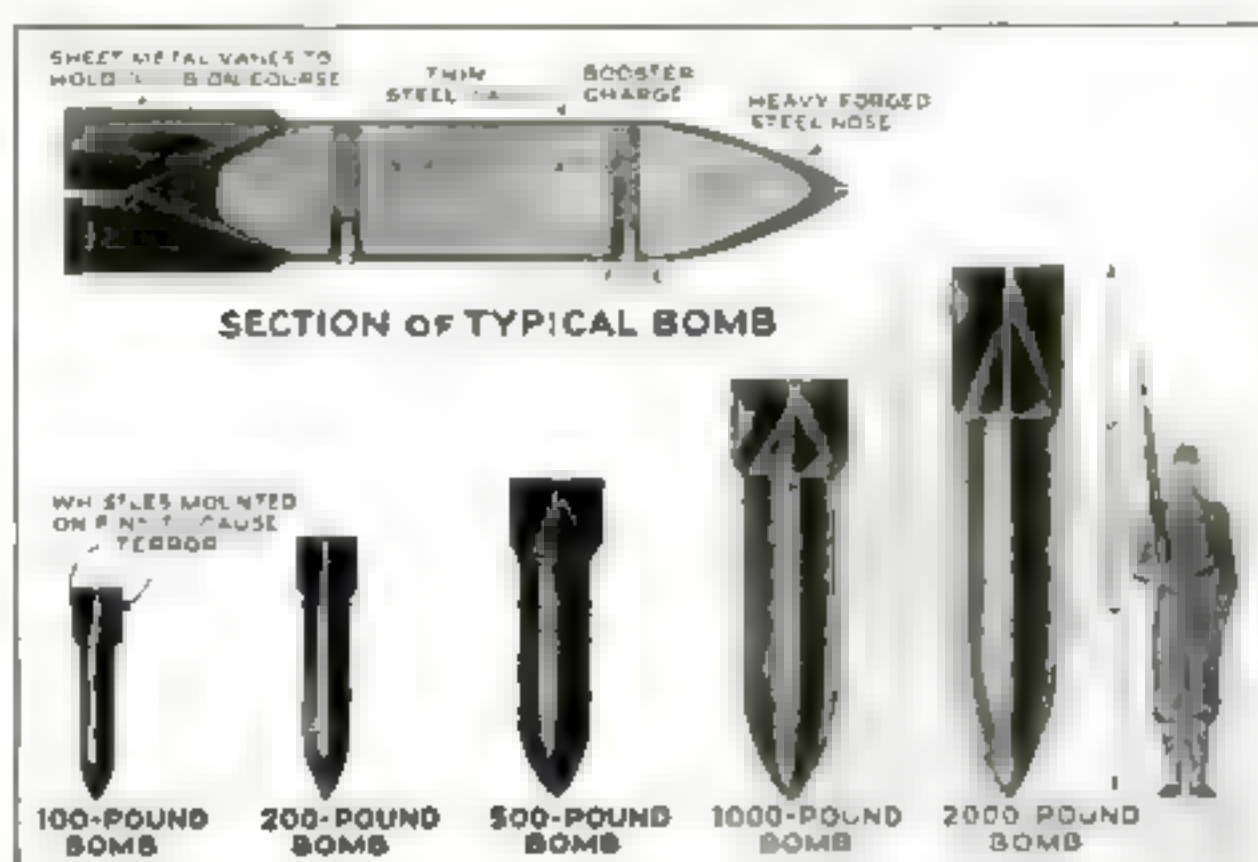
More than half the weight of a high-explosive bomb is its charge of TNT, or some newer and more powerful explosive. It is enclosed in a thin steel case, calculated to release the full energy of the blast, and pointed for penetration by a forged steel nose. Two-tonners, like the Luftwaffe's "Satan," are the biggest projectiles used in modern warfare. They are freighted by big planes and aimed with great precision and care at important and more strictly military objectives. In area bombing of civilian targets the Germans have used smaller bombs and on London have lavished great quantities of "general purpose" 100-pounders.

From an average altitude of 20,000 ft., a bomb heralds its coming by a *Whoosh* that ascends to a shrieking whistle when its dive steepens and approaches terminal velocity of 600 m. p. h. In the instant of impact its terrible energy is released four ways at once. A building struck by a 100-lb. bomb feels first the jolt of 675 foot-tons of kinetic energy. The swollen shell then bursts into an expanding sphere of 4,500 pea-sized fragments, which start off at a velocity of 5,000 ft. per sec., or twice the muzzle velocity of a high-powered rifle, and carry lethal power a distance of 200 ft. Behind the sphere of fragments travels the blast exerting a destructive force at 70 ft. Into the vacuum behind the blast rushes a negative shock wave, weaker, but strong enough to thrust debris toward crater. If the bomb explodes in the earth instead of in a building, the blast transmits its shock wave through the ground a distance of 23 ft. In ordnance formulas, these simultaneous cataclysms add up to a radius of maximum destruction of 22 ft. A 2,000-lb. bomb, with fragment range of 1,200 ft. and a blast range of 400 ft., is similarly rated with a radius of maximum destruction of 200 ft.

How these theoretical ratings pay off in actual destruction depends on fuse setting, the nature of the target and the laws of chance. London's wall-supported houses (see below) were disastrously susceptible to the shock of bombs. They were demolished not only by direct hits with delayed-action fuses that released the full blast

well within their walls, but by near-hits that brought down their walls by earth shock. New York City's modern steel-frame buildings may lose their windows and be scarred by fragments, but they should be able to contain delayed-fuse explosions within four or five floors. They should be unshaken by contact fuse explosions in roofs and side walls, and by earth shock of near hits.

But the chief fact the war has proved about aerial bombardment of cities is that it is not a primary weapon of warfare. Even crowded cities like London and New York are more than 80% open space. Indiscriminate area bombing is, therefore, by definition more than half waste. Another 30% of a city's area is streets, in which utilities and communications receive only damage that can be repaired. England's death list of 43,000 in two years and its unshaken morale testify that against civilians effectiveness of bombs is small.



CATALOG OF GERMAN BOMBS SHOWS THEIR SIZE AND CONSTRUCTION

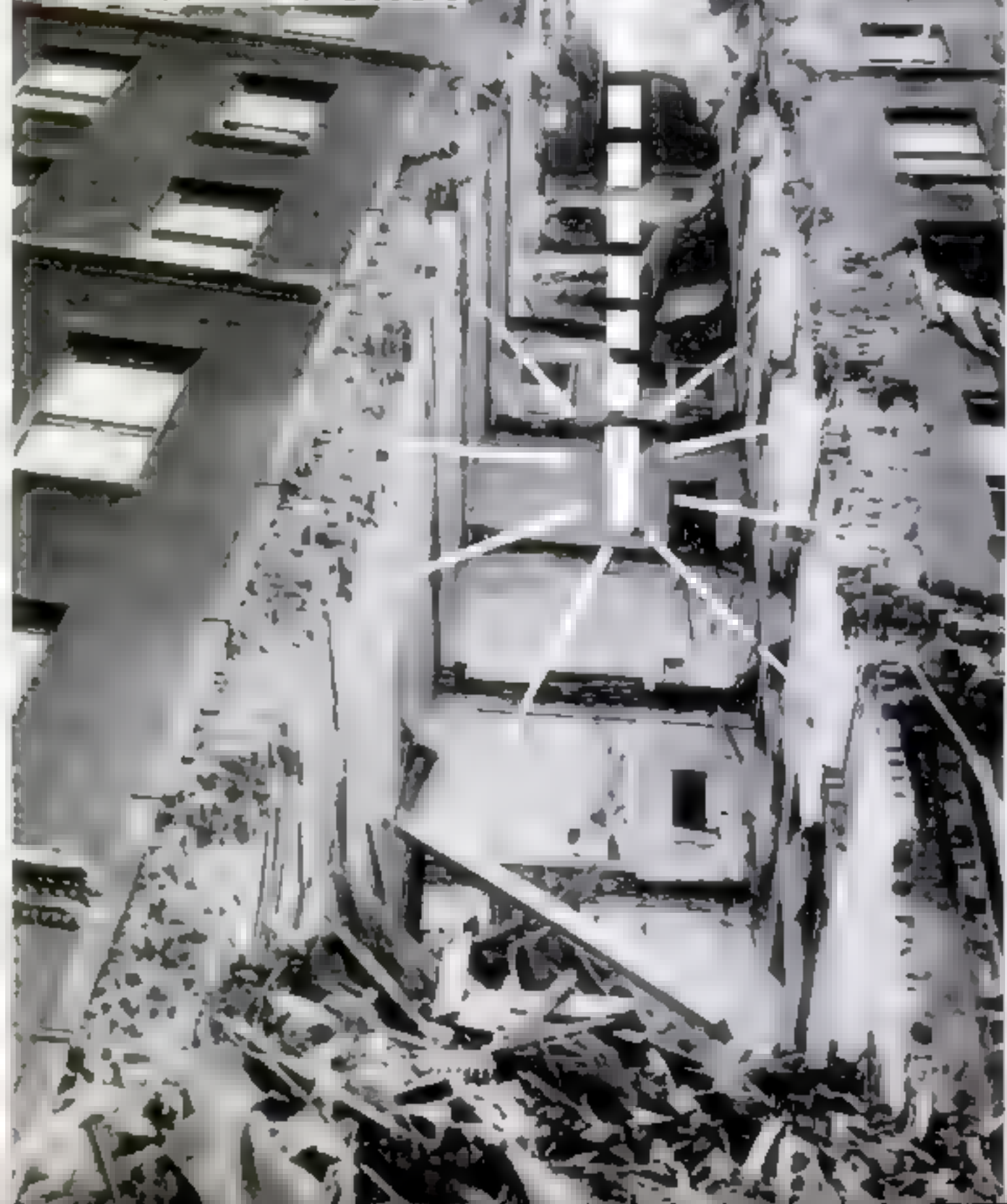
WITH FUSE SET FOR CONTACT, BOMB EXPLODED THE INSTANT IT PENETRATED ROOF

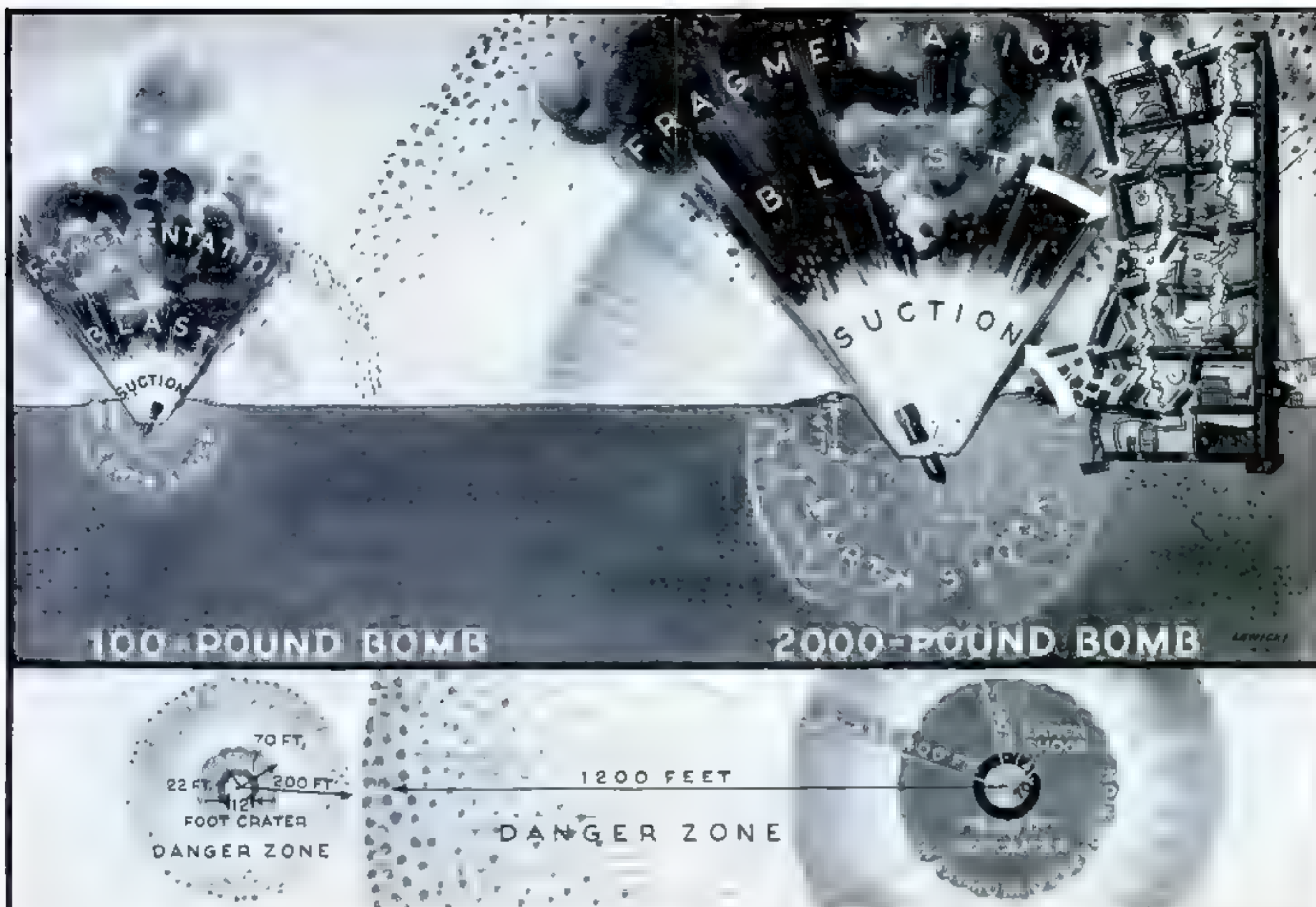
FULL FORCE OF BOMB WAS RELEASED, THROUGH DELAYED ACTION, DEEP INSIDE HOUSE

CONTACT BURST



DELAYED BURST





Explosions of 100-lb. and 2,000-lb. bombs are here analyzed and compared. With fuses set for delayed action, the bombs, cratering in the earth, transmit part of the shock of their explosion through ground (diagrams at top). Wall-supported building within range of earth shock dis-

integrates at its foundations. Simultaneous action of air blast, hurled upward by the crude mortar shape of the crater, blows in the walls, already riddled by fragments. Negative suction wave pulls debris outward. Vertical view plan of blast (lower diagram) shows horizontal range of fragments.

BOMB, IN CURVING FLIGHT, WENT THROUGH SIDE WALL AND BLEW UP ON THIRD FLOOR



CONTACT BURST ON STREET EXERTED NO EARTH SHOCK BUT FRAGMENTS RIDDLED WALLS



TOKEN RAID WOULD BE COSTLY AND FUTILE

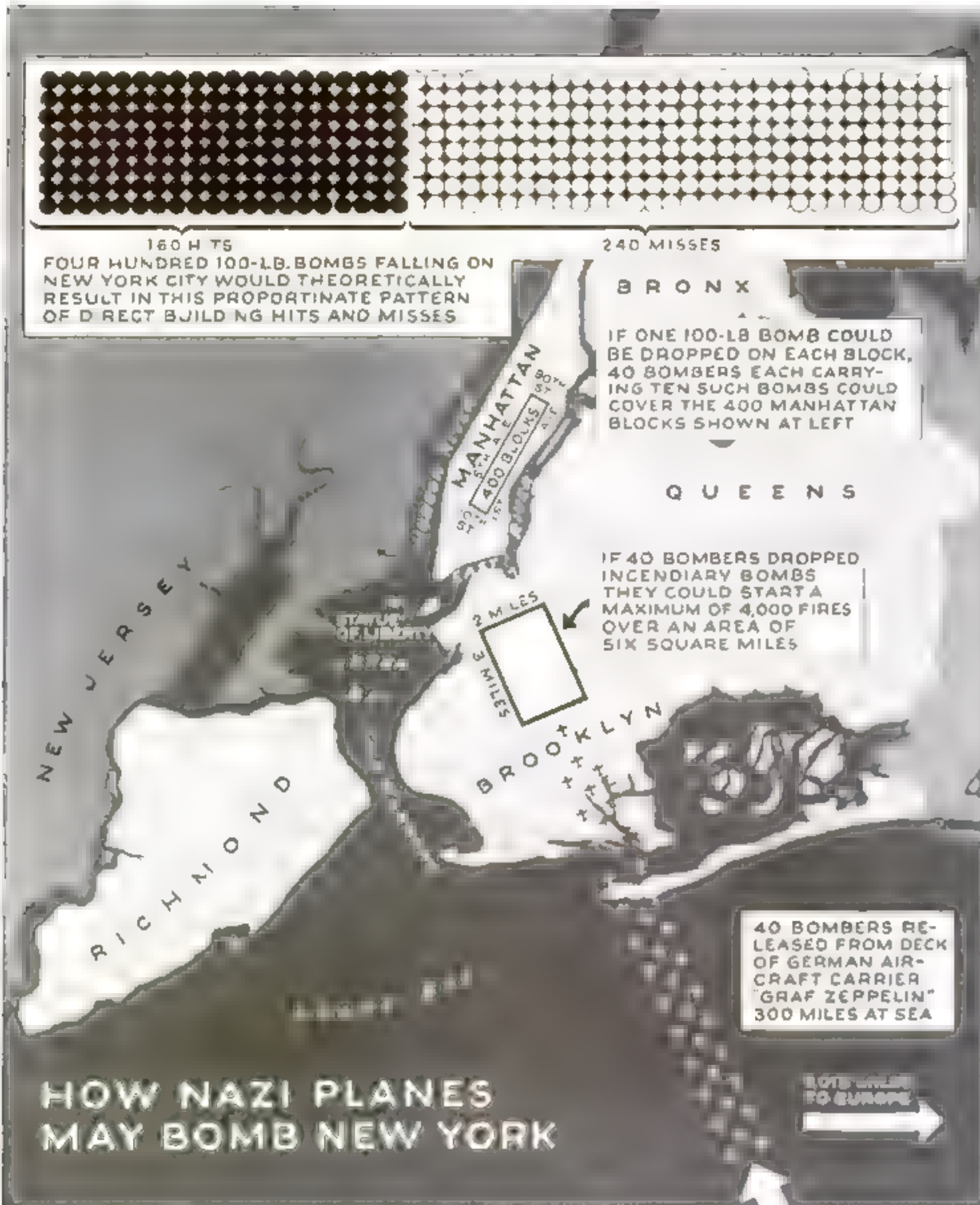
New Yorkers spent the first two weeks of the war in momentary expectation of their first "token" air raid. They lacked preparation for it but even more they lacked information on what such a raid could accomplish and whether it could pay the enemy profit on its cost. Like any other military operation, this is a calculation in statistics. The map-diagram at left plots a hypothetical raid Germany could now launch to gain casualties among the civilian population of New York City. Assumed are the extremes of 100% effectiveness of attack and complete absence of fighter-plane defense.

The 40 raiding bombers are the full complement of the Nazis' single aircraft carrier, the *Graf Zeppelin*. Each plane flies a total capacity load of 1,000 lb. Because New York is a heavily built-up city, tactics call for the same kind of indiscriminate, random bombing that pounded London. Essence of this tactic are the laws of chance. Hits and misses are proportional to the ratio of building acreage to open space in the city. In New York approximately 40% of the land is covered by buildings.

For statistical assessment of attack by high explosives, it is assumed that each of the 40 planes is loaded with ten 100-lb. bombs. Sown at random, 160 out of the 400 would make hits on buildings. Concentrated in a 400-block residential district, such as shown at left, with 44 houses to the block, this would add up to four blocks made uninhabitable. In New York City there are 85,000 blocks and 650,000 buildings. Casualties can be less easily predicted, but at the rate of three per bomb they would total 1,200, with a death list as high as 240, or one in 32,000 citizens.

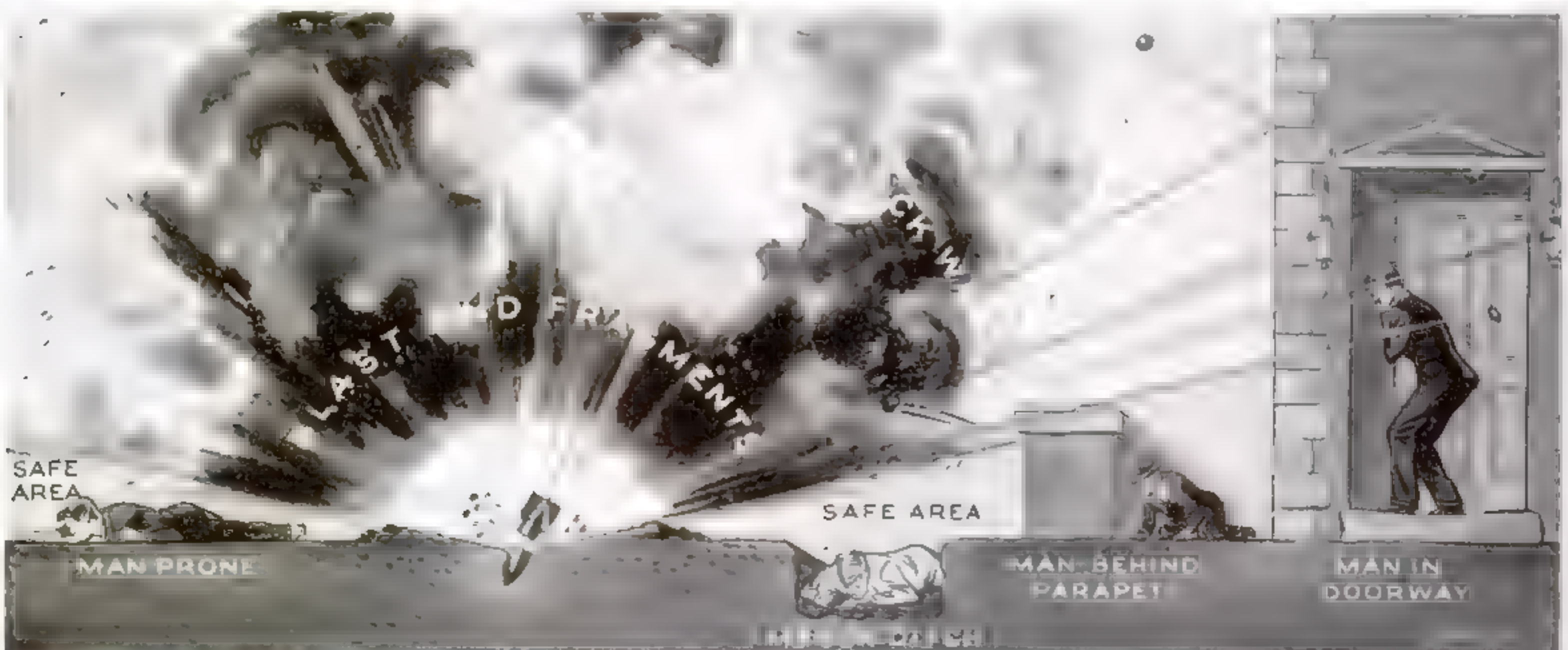
If the attack were made with incendiaries, a maximum of 4,000 fires could be started by 40 hostile planes in an area of six square miles, with allowance for duds and ricochets. All of them at the start are subject to control of an active and alert civil-defense force.

Painful as either of these limited disasters would be to the city's inhabitants, they would hardly be worth the actual cost in planes and men to a realistic enemy. If such a force could be brought within range of the Atlantic Coast, it would probably seek out vital military targets more worthy of its attention. Actually, in the teeth of Navy patrol and Army interceptors, such a raid on either civilian or military targets could be only partly effective, and then only at a cost of 80% of the attacking force.



Token air raid on New York City aims high explosives or incendiaries at areas rather than objectives. Determined by proportion of buildings to open spaces, only 40% of bombs

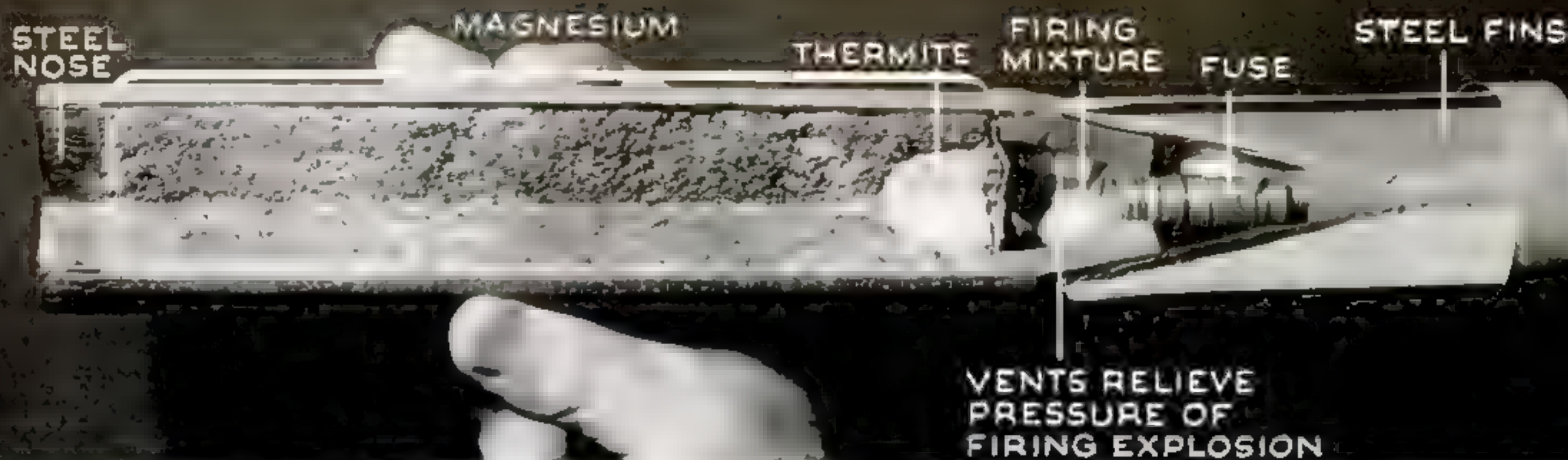
would make hits on buildings. Damage by 40 1,000-lb. high-explosive bombs or 40 1,000-lb. incendiary "baskets" would be nearly the same and almost invisible on scale of this map.



Fragmentation of 100-lb. bomb, exploding in an open street, is dangerous to anyone standing within 200 ft. Safest place for everyone in an air raid is in shelter. But a person caught in the

street can survive by learning to take proper cover. Fragments are deflected upward from crater, creating fairly safe area on the ground beyond 10 yd. Ditch (above) gives much better protection from flying fragments.

Highest on air-raid casualty list is the number of people killed in debris of direct hits on houses, second by direct hits on shelters and third by fragmentation.



Magnesium incendiary bomb weighs 2 lb., is made of metals that burn fiercely at high temperatures. The whole bomb, except for steel head and vanes, goes into combustion. Thermite

powder, a mixture of aluminum and iron oxide which burns at 2,300° F., is ignited by detonator on impact. Magnesium case is set on fire by thermite, burns at 3,300° F. Dropped from

20,000 ft., bomb will penetrate roofs. On wooden floor it burns in ever-widening pool of molten metal. German incendiaries are sometimes loaded with explosives to harass fire-fighters.



Incendiary fires in London, burning in scattered points in the East End dock section, light the dark sky after the night raid of Oct. 8, 1940. Severest incendiary raids of the war des-

vastated London City in Christmas week 1940. London depends on voluntary roof-specters to snuff incendiaries before they can set buildings afire. For fires that do get started, civil

and defense corps are equipped with small, easy-to-use covered pump and hose sets. The Germans use incendiary fires as target fires, putting rings of high explosives around them.



Inextinguishable, except with special and unavailable chemicals, magnesium incendiary bombs can be controlled by a fine spray of water, which hastens burning and wets down the surrounding surfaces.



Under control, the incendiary bomb must be carefully watched until it has burned out. Though it can be controlled by fine spray, magnesium will explode violently if a heavy stream of water is played on it.



Burned out, the incendiary bomb is a shapeless heap of slag. Unburned are the steel nose and sheet-steel vanes that held incendiary on course.



GEORGE T. WEEMS, THE REGIMENTAL COMMANDER OF
MIDSHIPMEN AT ANNAPOLIS, NOW EXCHANGES THESE
FIVE STRIPES FOR THE SINGLE ONE OF AN ENSIGN

ENSIGN WEEMS

THE "FIVE-STRIPER," NAVAL ACADEMY'S TOP-RANKING
MIDSHIPMAN, BECOMES AN OFFICER IN A NAVY AT WAR

by OLIVER JENSEN

At Annapolis last week, June Week came in December. Because of the national emergency, 547 young midshipmen were graduated six months early from the United States Naval Academy, after a speed-up of an already intensive training. June Week, when midshipmen become commissioned officers, is traditionally a time of gaiety but this year, as the graduates swung across a cold, wind-swept parade ground, it was a grim and somber affair. Only a few days before, the national emergency had turned into war and out on the Pacific the U. S. Navy had suffered the most crushing blow in its history. Spectators hugging the chilly edges of the field and crowding into Dahlgren Hall for the graduation exercises watched the determined young faces of the new officers closely. On them will depend to great extent the future of American seapower. What kind of men, the spectators wondered, are they?

On one midshipman they could focus their attention. In the formations he stood in the forefront and gave orders to the assembled regiment. Followed by his staff of aides, he led his class-

mates to chapel for baccalaureate service. He carried off more than his share of special awards. On his sleeve he wore five stripes in narrow gold braid, the badge of the Academy's highest undergraduate rank. He is the prototype of the ideal naval officer, the man most likely in the Navy's opinion to become an Admiral of the Fleet.

This top man is not the No. 1 graduate in his class, but the Regimental Commander of Midshipmen, the "five-striper." The No. 1 man is the graduate of highest academic standing whereas the Regimental Commander is chosen by the Academy officials on the basis, first, of his all-around abilities, and second, of the number of "grease marks" he has acquired during his course from officer instructors and from upperclassmen. A grease mark is an estimate made by them on a special printed form commenting on the midshipman's aptitude for the service. On it, they can check his "Attention to Duty," "Industry," "Initiative," "Loyalty," "Judgment," "Force," "Leadership" and "Bearing and Dress." Significantly, the commenting officer is asked whether,

in time of war, he would: a) particularly desire b) be satisfied or c) prefer NOT to have this midshipman under his command.

Regimental Commander George Thackray Weems has a "grease," or aptitude rating of 3.9 on a scale in which 4.0 represents perfection. In purely academic standing, Weems graduated No. 114, in the top quarter of his class, but this is practically the only respect in which he is not superlative. He is National Eastern Intercollegiate 165-lb. wrestling champion, master of the midshipmen crew of the yacht *Highland Light*, member of the varsity lacrosse team, vice president of his class, president of the Trident Society and president of the French Club. "His attitude and demeanor are always perfection," say his superiors. "He has the poise of an admiral and the kid's only 20."

From all of this it might be assumed that Weems is either a genius or a bootlicker, or both. This is not so. In fact, he is not far above the average intelligence of his class. Seen in person, he does not seem to give off sparks or pulsate with

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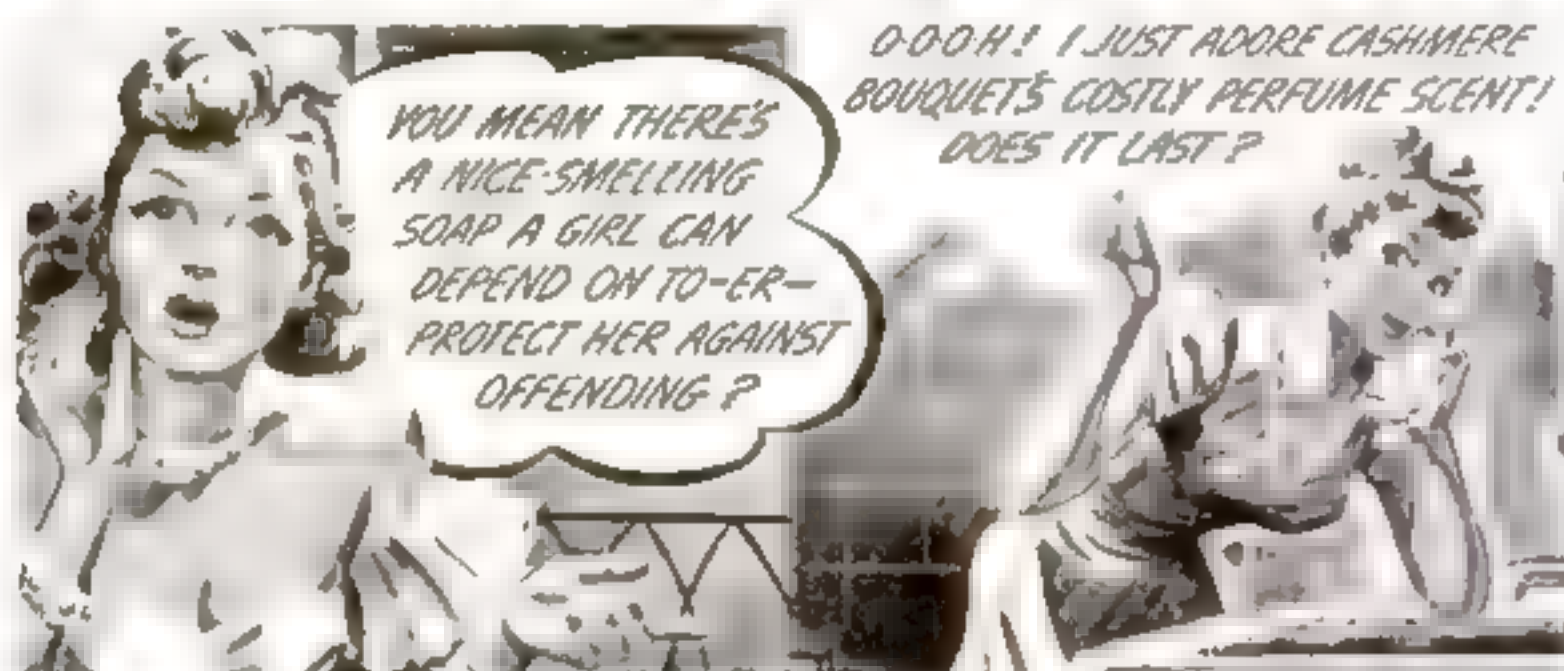


At formation in front of huge Bancroft Hall, Weems (arrow at left) commands a regiment of 3,099 midshipmen. After assembly and inspection, he transmits through the four battalion commanders

the order to march into mess. Thousands of formations like this take place each year. Only a small portion of sprawling Bancroft Hall and the recently enlarged regiment can be seen in this picture.



SHE'S DISCOVERED A SECRET you should learn, my dear...the secret of combating body odor and at the same time adorning her skin with the fragrance men love! You see, it's no longer necessary to use an unpleasant smelling soap!



YOU MEAN THERE'S A NICE-SMELLING SOAP A GIRL CAN DEPEND ON TO-ER-PROTECT HER AGAINST OFFENDING?

O-O-O-H! I JUST ADORE CASHMERE BOUQUET'S COSTLY PERFUME SCENT! DOES IT LAST?

YES, INDEED... just use gentle, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap. You'll revel in its rich, cleansing suds that banish body odor and leave your skin enticingly soft and smooth...delicately scented with the subtle, protecting fragrances of Cashmere Bouquet!

DEFINITELY! In fact, that exquisite, lingering scent is the success secret of your romantic rival pictured above! And—listen to this—thousands of women have proved to themselves that Cashmere Bouquet is one perfumed soap that won't irritate their skin!



THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! It's always a pleasure to give a smart girl like you a glamour hint...to tell you about the lovelier way to avoid offending...to be safe with Cashmere Bouquet...about its costlier perfume! Don't forget, there's no finer complexion care than Cashmere Bouquet, every day...it's one perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Better get half a dozen cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—now!



ENSIGN WEEMS (continued)

inner cosmic vibrations. He has a normal healthy amount of animal energy, but his favorite recreation is sleep, a condition in which he takes refuge at any time of day or night, in his room or at parties, whenever opportunity affords. Perhaps this is to make up for his first year at Annapolis when, as a lowly, regulation-hounded plebe, he did not "rate" lying down on his bunk during the day. He is respectful to superiors but does not grease them, as the midshipmen describe apple-polishing, and held most of his many offices not from the Academy officials but from the votes of his classmates. Considering that he is well-known as a nonsmoker, nondrinker and non-swearer, and that in his position he might well have been, like many five-striper before him, "the most hated man in the regiment," these tributes are remarkable.

Before Weems lost his five stripes at graduation for the single gold stripe of an ensign, he received certain privileges and attendant responsibilities. The Regimental Commander can give any midshipman an order, but he is responsible for the regiment to the Commandant of Midshipmen, a sort of dean. He has a staff of nine other midshipmen, including a four-striper, a three-striper and other lesser undergraduate officers. Before each meal, when the entire regiment lines up at Bancroft Hall to be inspected, he stands out in front of his staff, receives the salute of all midshipmen and marches them into mess under the admiring eyes of visiting taxpayers. He is entitled to special use of one of the Academy knockabout sailboats, to a special room with the unique privilege of a private bath (known in Academy parlance as the "B hole," the room itself being the "A hole") and to special table service at mess with his staff. He does not have to go to formation before classes, but walks over alone. He does not have to undergo room inspection, although this is a recent privilege, dating from the occasion when a pair of white shoes was noticed on a midshipman's outer window sill. The window turned out to be Weems's. Rather than subject the Academy's best boy to the humiliation of a public report, the officers exempted Weems and his roommate from inspection. And although Weems could give anyone an order, he was probably the only first classman who dared not work "his" plebe. This boyish pleasure, a survival of a much-modified "fag" system, is supposed to have cost one five-striper his rank when the Officer of the Watch chanced in his room and found an obedient plebe busily stowing the five-striper's laundry.

Young Weems has the look of a naval officer, the sharp jutting chin, the wide, deep-set eyes, the short hair, the well-braced physique. He is 6 ft. tall, unmistakably American, a good-looking blond extrovert. This is a general appearance with which four years in

Weems shared a room in Bancroft Hall with Midshipman Vernon E. Binion of West Palm Beach, Fla. who, as Regimental Subcommander or "four-striper," ranked next to



the Naval Academy seems to endow nearly every one of the hetero-physiognomied young men who enter it, along with the marine engineering, navigation, seamanship, ordnance and gunnery it teaches them.

Walt Disney embarrasses him

As a prospective admiral, Ensign Weems suffers from only two minor handicaps. One is seasickness. Walt Disney is responsible for the other. Weems's nickname is "Bee," from his childhood attempts to pronounce "baby," and the resemblance to Mr. Disney's screen character Baby Weems, the infant genius who overshadows Einstein in his first week on earth, is too close for comfort. People are always asking Bee if he has seen Baby Weems and he is always embarrassed. On the other hand, Bee has several great advantages over his classmates. One is a matter of temperament. He is always calm, unruffled and relaxed. In the opinion of the Commandant of Midshipmen, a man not given to effusion but who has known Weems all his relatively short life, "If Saint Peter walked in, Bee wouldn't be abashed."

Under a surface calm, Bee has purpose and determination, in a crisis assumes what his mother calls his "do-or-die" look. One of these rare crises occurred last spring before the Eastern Intercollegiate wrestling championship matches at Columbia University in New York. Bee had been suffering from a cold all during the preliminaries and was actively sick during one of them. But he swept through them in successive falls and in the finals pinned a Princeton man in seven minutes to win the title. The only man who has ever subdued Bee is his father, who was on the Olympic wrestling team in 1920 and won the sword at Annapolis for excellence in athletics when he graduated.

For a young man who is planning to become an admiral, there appears to be no specific necessity for a seafaring family background. Nelson's father was an English rector, John Paul Jones's a landscape gardener, Sir Francis Drake's a humble yeoman, Dewey's a doctor. Consequently Weems enjoys a comparative advantage in that his father, Lieutenant Commander Philip Van Horn Weems, U. S. N., retired, is not only a distinguished but an unusual naval officer.

"Weems, you've done the unforgivable," a Navy friend told Bee's father some years ago. "You've stuck your head above dead level." Philip Van Horn Weems, who came of an old Tennessee military family, graduated in Dick Byrd's class from the Naval Academy in 1912 with a burst of glory, in the ensuing years dragged his family back and forth across the country from one naval station to another. But in 1933, after he had increasingly specialized in navigation and

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him. This room, which has its own bathroom, is accounted palatial by the midshipmen. As plebes, Binion and Weems would not have "rated" relaxing like this during the day.

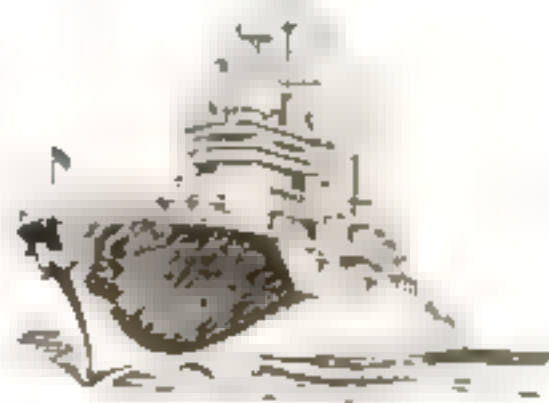


COLLEGE MEN WANTED

(GRADUATES, SENIORS, JUNIORS, SOPHOMORES)

to be Naval Officers

You want to serve your country. Why not serve where your college training will do the most good? Read every word of this announcement, whether you are now at college or have already graduated.



DECK AND ENGINEERING OFFICERS

The Navy needs 7000 Seniors now in college, or College Graduates, as prospective officers. Seniors who enlist today will not be called to active duty before next June. They will thus have time to graduate.

In addition, the Navy needs 5000 men now in their Junior year in college as prospective officers. If you enlist today, you may complete your education and graduate in 1943. Meanwhile you will be called to active duty only during the period your college is closed next summer.

After graduation, you will receive a 30-day preliminary training course. If found qualified, you will then be given further training as Midshipman, U.S.N.R., at \$65 per month plus allowance. Upon successful completion of this training you will be commissioned as Ensign, U.S.N.R., at \$125 a month and allowances.

All applicants must be native born citizens of the United States, unmarried, and between the ages of 19 and 27 inclusive.



NAVAL AVIATORS

The Navy needs 15,000 men now in their Senior, Junior or Sophomore years in college as prospective Naval aviators. Students who enlist today will not be required to commence training until the completion of their current college year. Graduates or other qualified candidates will be called for the first training class in which they can be accommodated.

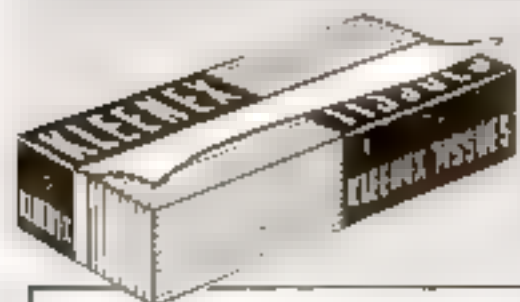
After 3 months preliminary training as seamen, second class, they will, if qualified, be ordered to flight training as Aviation Cadets in a course requiring approximately 7 additional months to complete. Aviation Cadets' pay is \$75 per month. Upon successful completion of the course they will be commissioned as Ensigns, U.S.N.R., and win their Navy "Wings of Gold." As full-fledged Naval Aviators their pay will be \$205 per month plus allowances.

All applicants must have been United States citizens for at least 10 years. They must be unmarried and between ages of 20 and 26 inclusive.

FOR FURTHER DETAILS GO TO THE
NEAREST NAVY RECRUITING STATION TODAY



"TELL ME ANOTHER" AND WIN \$5.00 says KLEENEX*



We will pay \$5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

There IS a Santa Claus!

MY NOSE WAS REDDER THAN SANTA'S SUIT UNTIL I SWITCHED FROM CHEAP, SCRATCHY TISSUES TO SOFT, ABSORBENT KLEENEX DURING COLDS.

(from a letter by M. S. Gencoe II)



MY RECORDS CLEAN!

SINCE I STARTED DUSTING MY DISCS WITH KLEENEX, I FIND THE BRAHMS AND BOOGIE-WOOGIES SOUND BETTER--LAST LONGER.

(from a letter by W. S. Brown)



MY FAVORITE GAG!

I BITE ON A KLEENEX TISSUE EVERY TIME I CHANGE DRESSES--IT PREVENTS LIPSTICK SMEARS--CUTS CLEANING BILLS.

(from a letter by M. D. N. Mechanic)



HOLIDAY TIPS!

KLEENEX IS PERFECT FOR PACKING AWAY TREE ORNAMENTS!

(from a letter by J. G. Denison)

KLEENEX MAKES A SWELL XMAS GIFT!

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES

Boy, Oh Boy!—
Delsey is soft
like Kleenex!



DELSEY* TOILET PAPER

soft like Kleenex Tissues
double-ply for extra strength

3 ROLLS FOR 25¢ - 12 ROLLS FOR 97¢

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



At dinner in the Weems house in Annapolis, there is usually a crowd. In this picture taken before a football hop, Weems's father, Lieutenant Commander P. V. H. Weems,

ENSIGN WEEMS (continued)

published books on his theories, he was retired. Only the selection board of the time knows surely whether this happened because Weems held too-advanced theories to suit the conservative brains of the Navy. Much the same thing happened to Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan, the great naval strategist and historian, although the Navy, to save face, later granted him the rank of rear admiral. Immediately after this, Weems's books were snapped up in England by the Royal Air Force. Commander Weems, who is now acknowledged as the world's leading authority on navigation, particularly aerial navigation, operates the Weems System of Navigation as a combined school, advisory service and manufacturing concern. He invented the Longines-Weems navigation watch and holds a number of patents and copyrights on such widely used products as the Weems Aircraft Plotter and several sextants and computers, and publishes a number of technical navigation books. His work has brought him worldwide recognitions and friendships with such well-known aviators as Lindbergh, Balbo, Ellsworth, Post and Gatty. On the other hand, it did not make him an admiral, and his son Bee is too evenly balanced ever to become such a specialist.

Besides having a father held in great respect by Navy men, Bee Weems has had the advantage that his family lives in Annapolis, in an old colonial home only a few blocks from the Academy. During liberty hours from the Academy, the house fills up with Bee's midshipmen friends, who wander about at will, eating gallons of ice cream, drinking milk and Cokes, playing croquet, ping-pong and badminton outside, dancing inside the house. There is not much entertainment for midshipmen except the movies in Annapolis and Bee's "grease" with his classmates and classmen ahead of him has never suffered from the fact that he had a place to give "tea fights" only three blocks away from Bancroft Hall.

Family life in the Weems household is hectic, versatile and absorbing. Mrs. Weems, an extraordinarily pretty woman, says proudly of its nonconformity, "You saw *You Can't Take It With You*? Well, that's our home." She is related to William Makepeace Thackeray, has worked for Cissy Patterson's *Washington Times-Herald*, keeps herself surrounded with as many intellectual people as possible, has a dread of going to seed. Her favorite pastime, however, is boosting Bee and whenever she starts, other Weemses shout: "There goes the Bee Sagal!" Bee's sister "Missy" lives at home while her husband, Lieutenant Charles Robbins Dodds, is at Pensacola Naval Air Station, and spends her time creating spirited works of art to which she likes to give lurid names like *Wages of Sin*. The



U. S. N., retired, sits at far end of table. His mother sits with back to camera. To the left of his father are Bobby Link, Weems's hop date, and Weems. Other men are classmates

Weems family makes up its own jazz orchestra for spirited if not always tuneful jam sessions. Mrs. Weems plays the piano, father the violin, Bee the flute, his brother, a lieutenant in the Marines, the saxophone, Missy's husband the accordion, and the boy next door the drum.

A rule might be established that a would-be admiral should take care to have an adventurous childhood. Admiral Tromp voyaged to the East Indies at the age of 8 and was taken prisoner. Admiral Farragut entered the Navy at 9, David Dixon Porter served in the Mexican Navy at 13, and at 22, Sir Francis Drake was a captain fighting under Sir John Hawkins in the Gulf of Mexico. Weems does not measure up to these specifications, his chief excitements having been a summons in connection with a minor traffic violation and a trip to the Boy Scout jamboree in Europe in 1937.

If another rule, based on Lord Nelson's romance with Lady Hamilton, be established that an admiral should be a man of stormy passions, he falls down again. Bee "drags" his various dates with an eye possibly cocked to the fact that their fathers are ranking naval officers, but always with the detachment of a man who knows that he cannot marry until he is out of the Academy two years. If he does, he loses his commission. If an admiral, like David Farragut ("Damn the torpedoes!"), is a man of strong, profane language, Weems again fails to qualify. Although Weems Sr. favors "Dad blame it!" and his sister a heated "Hot spiel" Bee himself never indulges in anything stronger than an occasional "Shucks."

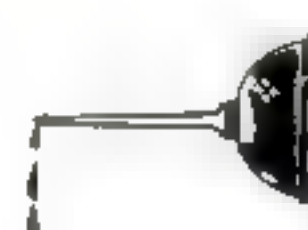
"Remember you are not your own master"

The reason for Weems's success in his first four years in the Navy is something which is as crystal clear to naval officers as it is obscure to civilians. The Naval Academy gives one of the most scientifically planned vocational trainings of any educational institution in the world. It is not designed primarily to produce genius but to turn out men with similar loyalties, habits of thought, and powers of leadership and character, to command and when necessary fight the ships of the U. S. Navy. The training is as rigorous and uniform as that of a Jesuit. The Navy wants officers of high but uniform standards in everything. Men like Mahan, and even Weems's own father, who have attained too great eminence in any special field, often do so at the expense of the well-balanced pattern of character and accomplishment which marks young Weems for a great career. The Navy even prescribes the average. "Work hard," says *Reef Points*, little handbook issued to all new plebes, "but don't get the reputation of being a 'cutthroat.'" It prescribes humility. "Remember you are

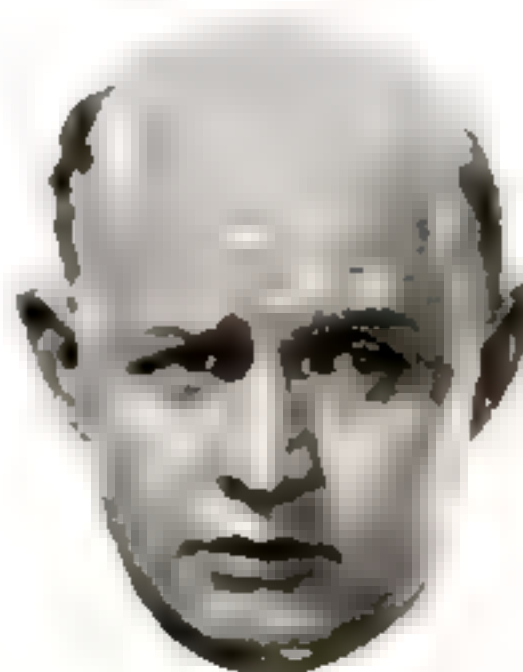
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RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

ENSIGN WEEMS (continued)

not entirely your own master nor even your own property," says *Naval Leadership*, a handbook for junior officers, pointing out that the Navy, a despotism within itself, and its officers, however high in rank, are merely creatures of the Republic. "Never argue," the Navy counsels its young, "don't buck the Powers-That-Be. It seldom pays. The case of Nelson is the only one where it ever did."

From this, it might be assumed that the Navy wants no such individualistic geniuses as Nelson. This is correct. There is no place for the erratic in a modern, disciplined fleet, which is not a heterogeneous collection of stars but a team. In the service, discipline and teamwork are maintained by a closely knit and tremendous body of regulations which outline in the most minute detail the exact procedure to be followed by every one in every conceivable phase of life from the loading of a 16-in. gun to the method of arranging neckties in a locker. From reading the regulations, a prospective midshipman soon learns that just about the only possession he can have which need not conform to pattern is his toothbrush. The regulations include a fascinating body of privileges of rank, known in the Navy as "rates." Because of these, the lowest officers in the Navy, the plebes, must bob along at double time and make "square corners" through the corridors of Bancroft Hall, and do not rate traveling along certain paths or going through certain gates. Because of others, admirals receive salutes of 17 guns, and are entitled to four ruffles of the drum and eight sideboys when they come aboard a ship. Into this peculiar, ordered life of regulations, young Weems fits perfectly.

He will not get rich

An admiral does not, in this period of history, expect to get rich. As a first classman, Weems received a salary of \$65 a month, out of which came his uniforms and enough regulation expenditures to bring his monthly expectation of spending money down to \$11. As a full admiral, of whom there can be only four at a time, the most he can expect to receive is \$12,000, about one-fifth the annual income of Lana Turner. Bee would like to be rich. If he went into business, he explains, "I would like to be an executive," but he has not thought out the problem much further. He is much more interested in his immediate future as an ensign. He would like to get on a destroyer, not for love of the "cans," on which he will undoubtedly be often thoroughly seasick, but because notice and promotion come sooner on a small unit. After that, thinks Weems, he might take a flier at the new big Navy bombers.

"Historically," wrote Admiral Mahan some years ago, "good men with poor ships are better than poor men with good ships." With the Naval Academy pouring thousands of men of the caliber of young Bee Weems onto a growing fleet of the best ships afloat, it is distinctly possible that the U. S. is going to have the best of each.



Weems toots his flute at home while his date for the hop ("drag," in Annapolis slang), Bobby Link of Binghamton, N. Y., sings accompaniment. They have raided the icebox.

LIFE'S COVER



In last week's bitter warfare over all the world, no men were more important than the aerial gunners. On the cover is one of America's best. He is Private First Class Delbert C. Gilliam of Smackover, Ark., photographed in the rear topside blister of a bomber. Although he wears the Army Air Force's heavy winter uniform of sheepskin coat and goggles, he keeps his hands gloveless even in the intense cold. This is so that when the time comes, and he sees a Jap or German plane ahead, he will be all set to fire away with his powerful 30-cal machine gun.

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A Message from Fortune

TO EVERY MAN IN MANAGEMENT IN AMERICA . . .

Now that the United States is in a shooting war, men in management have perhaps a greater responsibility to their country, their companies, their employees, and their families than ever before.

And while we all must know and understand the news from across both oceans, those who are responsible for creating and carrying out America's plans of action—on the high seas, in the factories, on the farms—must also have sound, detailed analyses of the specific problems these plans of action evoke. For upon such analyses they must base the thinking they must do before they can plan or act.

Listed at the right are some of the articles FORTUNE, The Magazine of Management, has already published to prepare men in management for the outbreak of this new phase of World War II.

And for forthcoming issues, FORTUNE promises many an article equally pertinent.

For FORTUNE believes the Number One task of its editorial board now must be to foresee for men in management the changes war will inevitably bring to business, to report these changes when they come, and most of all to prepare its readers to meet them in the most effective possible way.

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Pan America September 1940
Mexican Steel October 1940
Radio Turns South April 1941
Report From Argentina May 1941
Letter From Recife June 1941
Business in Brazil October 1941
Bolivia January 1942



MARIE DIONNE GIVES HER MOTHER A PRESENT. YVONNE AND VICTOR ARE ON FLOOR. OTHERS, FROM LEFT: OLIVA JR., DANIEL, CECILE, EMILIE, PAULINE, FATHER AND ANNETTE

AT THE END OF A HARD DAY, THE FATHER OF 12 SURVEYS THE CARNAGE OF CHRISTMAS. OLIVA DIONNE DOES NOT OBJECT TO QUIN PROFITS, BUT RESENTS GOVERNMENT CONTROL





Pauline and Yvonne (right) inspect a new doll. Pauline, 8, is the prettiest of all the Dionnes and constant playmate of the Quins. Sisters Rose and Thérèse are in a convent. One aunt is a nun.



Annette puts on Santa Claus outfit, at photographer's behest. Mrs. Dionne, who was housekeeper at 10 and married at 16, is a competent mother but Quins have never visited her home.

Life Goes to the Dionnes' Christmas Party

The famous Quintuplets, now 7, swap presents with the rest of their family at their nursery

Christmas, coming to fertile Callendar, Ont., this year found the famous Dionne Quintuplets growing up. Now they are 7 and if some of the babyish charm has rubbed off, each of the Quins is acquiring personality and character. Because of the usages of publicity, Christmas also came early, on Dec. 1, to allow time for the owners of the exclusive picture rights to get their material distributed. The Quins, who are wards of the

Canadian Government, never leave their special scientific nursery. On this occasion Father Oliva, Mother Elzire and four brothers and sisters joined them there. Since the day Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe performed his prodigious feat of delivery at the humble French-Canadian Dionne home, the Quins have become a tremendously profitable property. Curious tourists, in peacetime and wartime, have brought thousands of dol-

lars to this part of Canada. The little girls have been the subjects of endless litigation, of books, movies and political discussion. They contributed \$20,000 to the Canadian War Loan and became honorary members of the Canadian Navy. Now they are old enough to have opinions and want to know why "somebody hasn't told Hitler and the other bad men about Ferdinand, and how he would rather just sit and smell flowers than fight."

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Papa Dionne dressed as Santa tries some whiskers on Mama. The Dionne income comes from sale of commercial rights, pays \$10,000 a year to the parents. Annual upkeep of nursery is \$50,000.



Mrs. Dionne is eager to get a chance to teach the girls to sew, cook and knit. New large home will be built soon. Except to see the King and Queen in Toronto, Quins have never left nursery



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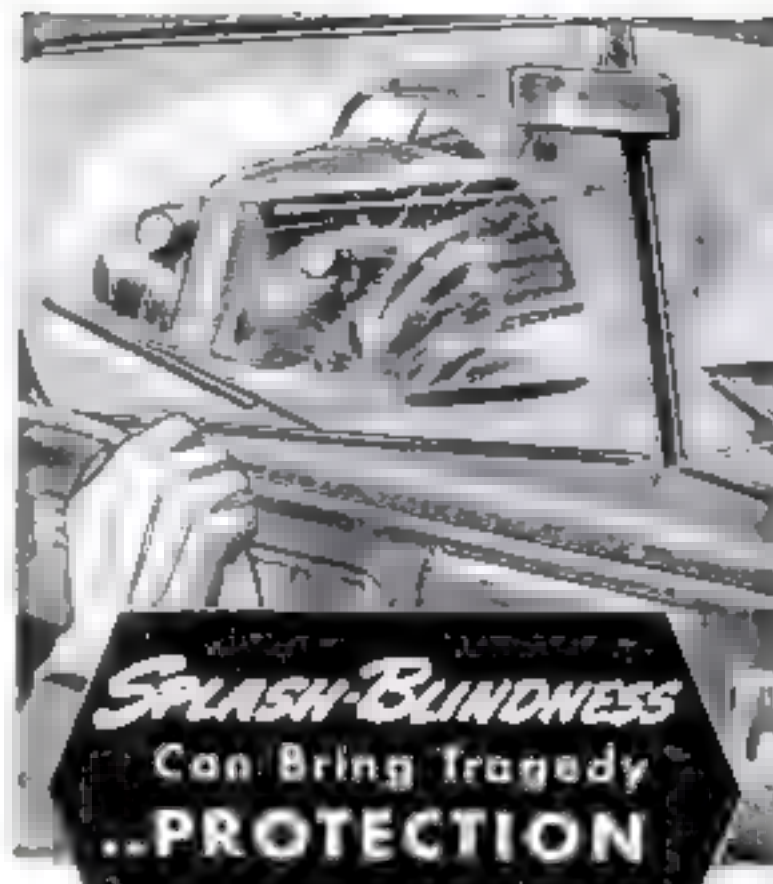
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Emilio gave a shaving mug to her father. Note that she holds it in her left hand, for Emilio's left-handedness is the only striking physical difference among the Quins.



Victor, 3, is assisted on his new hobbyhorse by Emilio. He is the youngest and the Quins, who call him "Butch," like him best because they are able to play with him.



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Again the tires of a passing car slap a puddle of smeary road muck against your windshield... and your old wiper blades are too dull to clear it. Anything can happen! You're trapped... "splash-blind" in speeding traffic. Why risk so much by neglecting so little? ... Now ... for a dollar or less ... you get ... put on for you quickly at almost any good gas station ... a handsome pair of keen new Anco "Rain-Master" Wiper Blades. One-piece moulded rubber. Precision-made Patented design. Ten full-length wiping edges. Original equipment on many high-grade cars ... because they clean quicker ... clean cleaner ... last longer. Protect yourself and passengers. Get a pair of Rain-Master Blades put on today.

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Annette, most musical, plays the organ for her sisters. Pictures like this, with all five Quinns, hang in homes all over the world. But the Quinns' childish cuteness is passing.



Marie plays the kazoo and Oliva Jr. his drum before the fireplace. To look after the nursery still requires a staff of two nurses, two maids, three guards, several others.

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OTHER CURRENT ISSUES:
"NORWAY IN REVOLT"
"THUMBS UP TEXAS"

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

BAMBI WITH THE LONG WHITE HAIR

Sirs

The French toy poodle is sometimes considered the "cream puff" of dog shows because of its traditionally "dolled-up" appearance. But Ch. Bright



Eyes ("Babe") Bambi can also entertain with stunts such as striking this comical pose. The scene occurs every time Babe strolls on her hind legs.

She's facing away from the camera. Her back and ears are under that hank of white hair. Babe's other accomplishments include tightwire walking and jumping off a 15-ft. tower.

HILL STOCKWELL

Oklahoma City, Okla.



UP-KEEP

can be kept down

Today the owner of an automobile wants to take better care of his car than ever before, because he may not be able to get another so easily,

—and because proper maintenance means lower costs as well as longer life.

You hear so much about the way

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removes carbon and saves gasoline that perhaps its vital part in reducing all motor up-keep costs is not quite so clear to you.

Yet the thorough lubrication given to your engine by Macmillan RING-FREE keeps up-keep down in these three ways:

1 RING-FREE puts a slick wall of oil on all moving engine parts—and that protects them against wear. With parts getting harder and harder to replace, it's a good idea to safeguard the parts now in your car.

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All these points, which come under the general head of better lubrication and reducing friction more, explain how it is that RING-FREE saves gas. And why in 1094 Certified Road tests savings in gas as high as 10 percent were not uncommon.

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RICH, SAFE SUDS IN 3 SECONDS — EVEN IN COOL WATER

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

BABYHOOD TO BOYHOOD

Sirs:

"Clothes make the man" and most parents will agree that a haircut can make the boy. In fact, we always hear how a first haircut completely alters a small child's appearance. Yet few of us think to get a before-and-after record of the transition.

When I learned that young Charles Gardner, a neighbor's boy, was to be shorn, I hastened to make a "last photograph" of him (below, left). Immediately after the ceremony I made the follow-up picture at the right.

ALLISON V. SLAGLE
Chattanooga, Tenn.



SKI ART

Sirs:

Not the least of the fun of skiing lies in snow-plowing intricate designs like this series of figure eights. Two persons usually team up to make the figure. They criss-cross each other's tracks until they have achieved an effect like the one pictured here. In this scene the skier's partner has moved out of camera range.

Note the intensity of the shadows detailed in this shot. If you invert the picture, you will observe that the skier's shadow at first glance appears to be the skier himself, and vice versa. The picture was made on one of Switzerland's open slopes.

DR. WALTER AMSTUTZ
Zurich, Switzerland



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